ad Wm. F Buckley Jr.
New York's New 'Ultras'

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ICD

MARCH 8, 1966

NATIONAL REVIEW

A Journal of Fact and Opinion

OUR WAR WITH RED CHINA:

ANTHONY HARRIGAN

Also In This Issue:

WILHELM ROEPKE'S LAST ESSAY ♦ ROEPKE R.I.P. BY LUDWIG VON MISES ♦ M. STANTON EVANS ON RIGHT-TO-WORK: WHY IT WASN'T REPEALED ♦ JOHN GREGORY DUNNE ON CAPOTE

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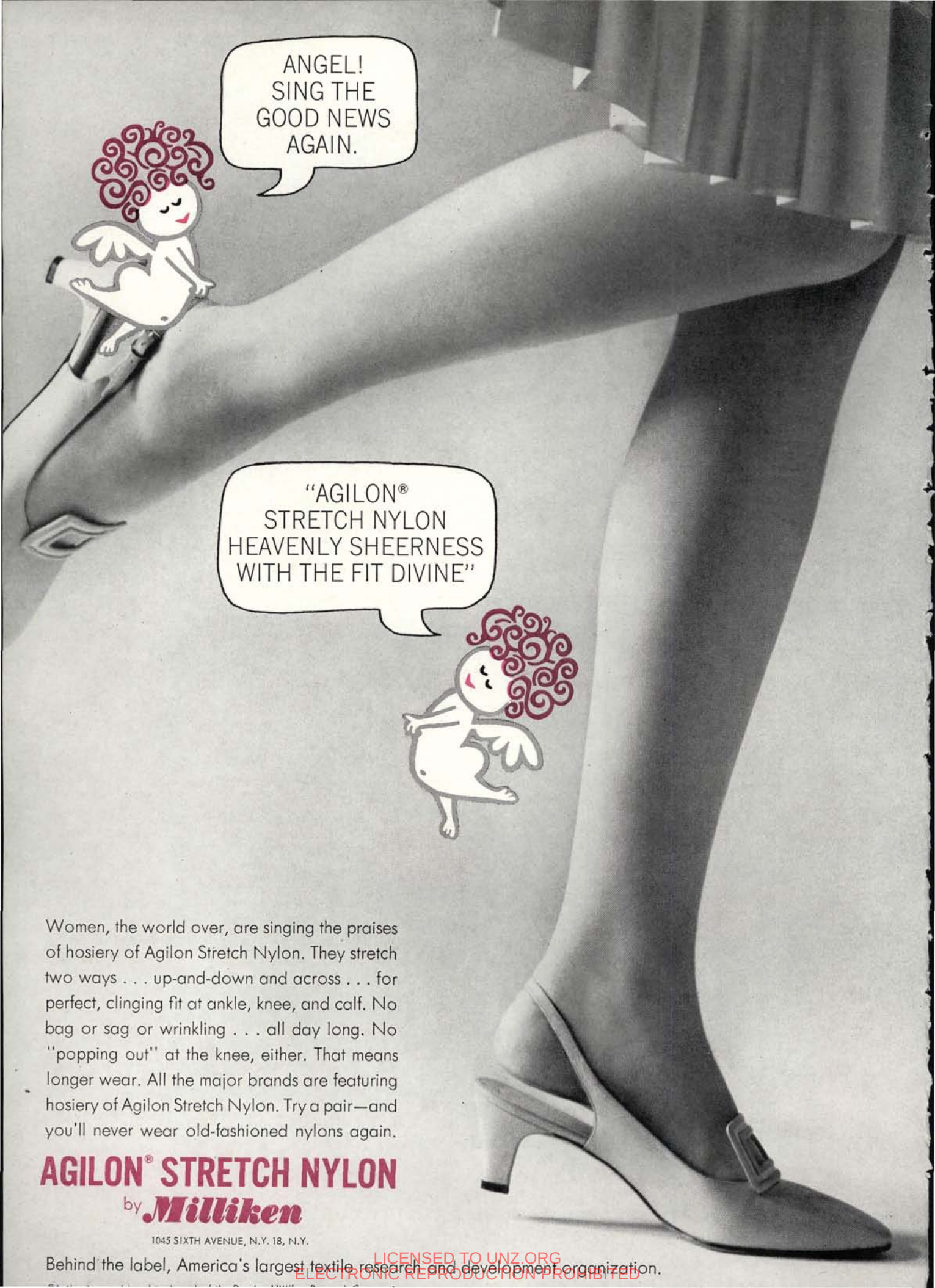

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In This Issue . . .

➔ NATIONAL REVIEW has the melancholy honor of publishing the last article written by one of Europe's first and finest citizens. A week after we received the text of "The Dollar Seen from Geneva," on the very day, in fact, that it was being set in type, Dr. **Wilhelm Roepke** died in Geneva, Switzerland, where he had lived for most of the postwar years. It was as "the teacher of Erhard" and thus the inspirer of "the West German miracle" that Dr. Roepke became famous, but those who have read his books cherish even more highly his intellectual and moral achievement in fusing solidly based economic analysis with a responsible and humane philosophy—a fusion mirrored in the title, *A Humane Economy,* that he chose for what is perhaps his most representative book. . . . And we publish also a brief obituary written by one of Dr. Roepke's best known peers, the noted economist **Ludwig von Mises**, who knew Dr. Roepke for many years, who occasionally crossed swords with him in theoretical dispute, and who here sums up his memories of the man and his judgment of the man's work.

➔ **Anthony Harrigan**, Associate Editor of the *Charleston News & Courier*, brings forward for public view the thesis that has for many months been the focus of carefully screened discussion: that the real enemy we confront in Southeast Asia is Communist China, and that we cannot intelligently decide what we ought to do in Vietnam until we have some idea what we are going to do about China. Mr. Harrigan, author of the forthcoming book, *A Guide to the War in Vietnam,* has recently spent several weeks in the Vietnam theater. . . . We add samples of French and Peking perspectives on what is happening in Vietnam.

➔ **M. Stanton Evans**, editor of the *Indianapolis News* and *NR* associate editor, sings the dirge for the liblab campaign to repeal 14(b), and explains why it collapsed. . . . Professor **Anthony Bouscaren** reports, in "The Catholic Peaceniks," on what might be called "ecumenical extremism," and Editor **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** looks at some of New York's local extremist problems. . . . **Pyrrho** considers the effect of the Vietnam War in defining still a third brand of extremism—what he terms "Liberal fundamentalism." . . . For our new Delectations department, **Nika Standen Hazelton**—whose books, articles, stories and exhibits prove her pre-eminence in all matters culinary—has undertaken to write on her favorite subject every other issue, and here favors us with an explanation of why that delicious little dish doesn't taste the same in Peoria as in Avignon.

➔ **John Gregory Dunne**, whose own first novel he is finishing, meditates on 1966's primary printed phenomenon, Truman Capote's non-novel, or un-novel, or *Ur*-novel *In Cold Blood,* which is raking in cold cash faster than the computers can count it. . . . Mr. **Evans**, with us in the back as well as the front of the book, reviews the late President's favorite political scientist's book on Caesar in the White House, or, What has happened to constitutional checks and balances? . . . **Richard Hodgens** gives the movie industry his customary what ho!, and **C. H. Simonds,** reporter for the *Vincennes* (Ind.) *Sun-Commercial,* reports on how the theater is looking a thousand miles off Broadway. ➔

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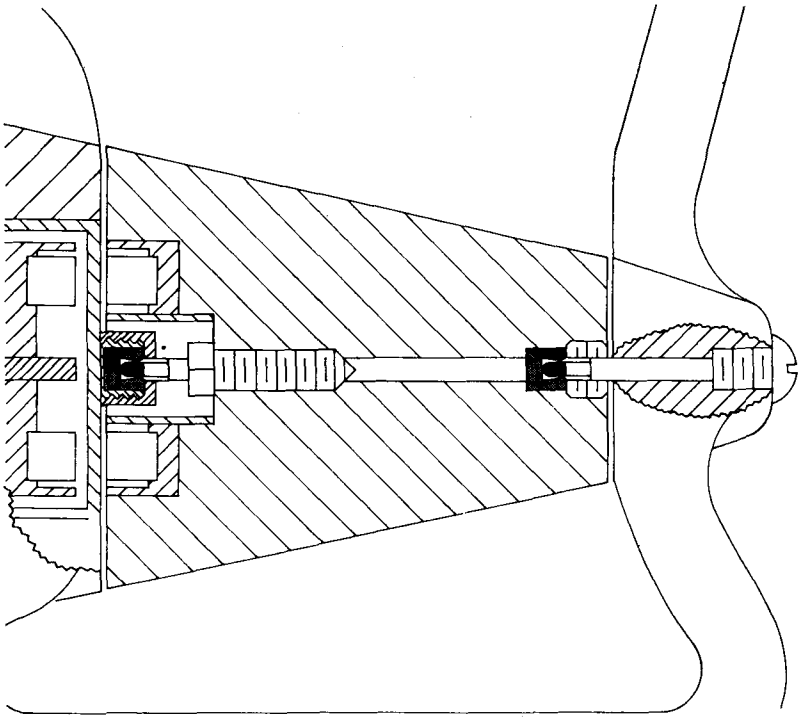

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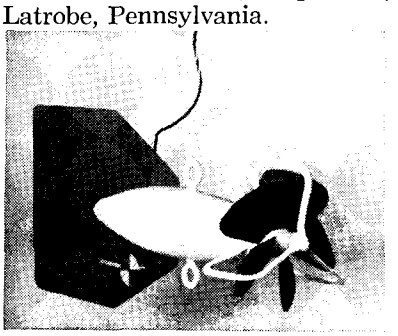

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TO THE EDITOR

A General Replies

Thank you for the copy of the February 22 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW containing the article "General Gavin's Trilemma." I found Mr. Burnham's article very interesting. His fourth alternative, too, was the area that I referred to with some frequency when I made reference to the possibilities of science and technology as an area for innovation.

Cambridge, Mass. JAMES M. GAVIN

Julian Bond

I assure you that the Hon. Julian Bond is as repugnant to me as he is to you; nevertheless I must say that I strongly disagree with your evaluation of his dismissal from the Georgia legislature as an "essentially minor and local episode" ["An Inflated Bond," Feb. 8].

The fact of the matter is that a state has the right to legally expel ill-behaved legislators, but this is presumed to mean that drunks, perverts, and other indecorous creatures should not be lawmakers. Georgia has either interpreted a law very badly, or else there is a very bad law in Georgia, for the Hon. Mr. Bond was positively dismissed for exclusively political reasons.

Cambridge, Mass. DALE H. GIERINGER

Men in the Kitchen

Now, now, *now*, Mrs. Hazelton. In the diggings where I hang my panache, your statement ["The Great American Gourmet," Feb. 8]—that a real man, instead of cooking, should be grinding his nose the better to buy diamonds for his lady—would be met with "blank disbelief" and maybe a thump 'long side the head. All of our men cook, simply because, the world around, women can't. Not to sell women short, they are allowed—and usually do very well—to stomp grapes, turn the cider presses, clean the game and the fish, grate the cheese, wash the fiddleheads, bring in the wood and keep the place clean. They also cook the meals at which no guests can be expected.

Our women do not wear diamonds because they scratch omelette pans and worse, in bed. Still the men cook—meals for two or two hundred—woodchuck or quenelles-mousseline.

Now, any more cracks from Nika about men cooks wearing skirts, and I'll track her down on my hand-made snow shoes, and when I find her, I'll hit her a damn good one with my purse.

Canaan Valley, Conn. BILL KONEAZNY

Conservatism being, as you and Hailsham say, the politics of enjoyment, perhaps

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Mrs. Hazelton might be more in her element writing for the *Reporter* or *Ramparts*. Witness her bafflement at the motivation of a man who undertakes an adventure in the kitchen prompted by neither the carrot of profit nor the stick of necessity. Actually, the man cooked because he was a gourmand and moderately good cook like myself, trying to please his own taste as well as that of his girlfriend, a gourmande and excellent cook, like my un-Hazeltonic wife. They had a simple meal consisting of Crème Crécy, Poulet au vin de Bordeaux with Château Rausan-Segla '59, salad, sundry cheeses, and polished it all off with a Pot de Crème Chocolat and a Château Yquem. The evening was a rousing success.

If men with skirts are the only way of keeping the likes of Mrs. Hazelton out of the kitchen, then Deo gratias agimus propter Men with Skirts. I must admit it is a bit disquieting to think of Brillat-Savarin, Curnonsky, Escoffier, Diat, Hure, Point, and other boyhood heroes as skirted, but I've adjusted to the New Liturgy, and I guess I can adjust to this.

Philadelphia, Pa. ERIC L. WILSON

Gentlemen: Did J. P. Morgan cook?

New York, N.Y. NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

Silver

I have at last caught you where you really ought not to be: in the wrong . . . the editorial about "Silver Coin

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Gentlemen: If you purchase this shaver, we promise never to repair it.

But we will promise you this, and in writing: If anything goes wrong within one year we will send you an all-new ACCUMEN Shaver. After that one-year guarantee period, and if you are unhappy with the shaver for any reason, return it to us—even if it's thirteen years from now—and for just $12.95 we'll send you the newest "top-of-the-line" model available at the time. (We fully realize that $12.95 may be worth only $2.95 thirteen years from now. But that's our hard luck). And then you can start this all over again with that new shaver—for another thirteen years if you wish. That's why we call it the "ACCUMEN LifeTime Shaver Plan."

If this sounds like an unprecedented offer, you are correct. It is. And if you think there must be some "gimmick" involved, you are also correct. There is. We would not stick our necks out so far and for so long if we weren't quite sure that the ACCUMEN will give you trouble-free satisfaction from now until the cows come home. What makes us so sure? Just this: We have observed the ACCUMEN's performance for years in Europe and since we introduced it to this country. We have talked to hundreds of really satisfied owners. We have "fan letters" by the score. Finally, we know what it's made of and how it's made. It will be a rare ACCUMEN that falters or disappoints.

This is the Ultimate Shaver — we think this is the finest shaver made in the world today. Cordless or otherwise. In our opinion it makes all others obsolete. Very few of our competitors describe their shavers as "second best," so we quite understand if you take all of these claims with a heaping spoonful of salt. But, here, for your consideration, are the principal reasons why we believe the ACCUMEN to be "The Ultimate."

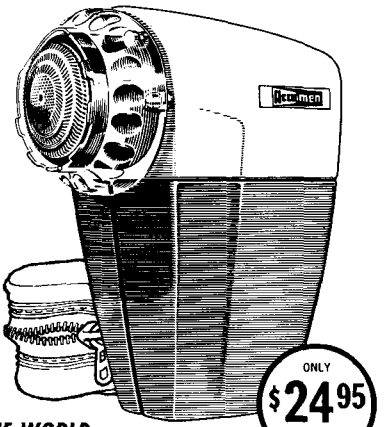
1. The Powerplant: A high-potential nickel-cadmium battery, which will give you at least ten to fifteen good shaves before recharging. As an aside: The president of Witte & Sutor (manufacturers of the ACCUMEN) is none other than Herr Waldemar Witte, the inventor of the rechargeable flashlight. He ought to know!

2. The Motor: The "synchromesh" motor is a 6000 rpm. marvel of German engineering. Barium ferrite permanent magnets, self-lubricating bearings and copper-carbon brushes assure a long, hardworking life.

3. The Shaving Head: Shaving area 2½ times larger than that of any other rotary shaver. Ultrathin foil (.00315"). Four stainless steel cutters are individually sprung and balanced and can operate independently to adapt to the minutest contour of your face (this is a truly radical innovation — have you ever noticed how your present shaver is built on the same principle as a lawn mower?)

And then the marvelous extras: The patented "LumiRing" that spotlights the working area for perfect shaves in any light. Vacuum action that keeps your whiskers from your clothing. And, as far as we know, this is the only shaver in the civilized world that is rechargeable directly from any wall socket—no transformers, no "power cords." The ACCUMEN is lockable, to keep it exclusively yours (sorry, teenagers). Then, there is a built-in shave counter. Last, and probably least, women are wild about the ACCUMEN, because the shaving head is round and smooth and has no sharp edges. (But, please, buy her one of her own.)

Still more. The ACCUMEN is not just the finest shaver in the world. The optional attachments make it a complete grooming system — among other things. Look at the choice in the coupon and help yourself.



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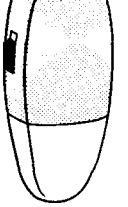

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Hoarding" [Feb. 8] is grievously in error.

It is true that U.S. silver coins are worth nearly their face value as metal, and that an increase in the price of silver could put their metallic value above their face value—but you are forgetting that coins do not *turn themselves* into silver ingots. The smelting of coins would be more difficult and costly than an ordinary smelting operation because of the alloys such as copper which would have to be extracted; metal *is lost from coins through* wear; and merely to *obtain* enough coins to pass the break-even point would be a very *costly* undertaking. The price of silver would have to increase much more than is in prospect before it would become profitable to smelt silver coins.

Flushing, N.Y. FRANK S. ROBINSON

The dollar price of silver probably will go up, and speculating by holding silver is thus sensible. Hoarding coins, however, is inefficient. The treasury is using its silver holdings to keep the price of metallic silver at $1.29 while the cost of "buying" silver by hoarding coins is about $1.36 (depending on the condition of the coins). You can get more silver by using your 50-cent pieces to purchase the metal in the market.

Charlottesville, Va. GORDON TULLOCK
Associate Professor
University of Virginia

For a commercial batch of coins, the smelting cost is about five cents an ounce. That brings "break-even" to about $1.43 an ounce. The Treasury very conservatively estimates that the price will exceed $2 after Treasury supplies are exhausted. A "profit margin" of 10 per cent has always been sufficient to wipe out silver coinages. Such was the experience of 33 countries following 1918, from the Straits Settlements to Costa Rica. To Prof. Tullock: Treasury dealings in

(Continued on p. 235)

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (February 22)

Paul:

THE EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS

With their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips . . . Their feet are swift to shed blood: Destruction and misery are in their ways: And the way of peace have they not known: There is no fear of God before their eyes.

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One of the Best Books of the Year Isn't in Your Bookstore

But you can get it direct from *National Review*. It's the handsome hard-cover edition of the NR 10th Anniversary issue. This is the issue that records — for your lasting enjoyment — the sights and sounds of NR's star-studded Anniversary Dinner at the Imperial Ballroom of New York's Americana Hotel.

All the highlights from the speeches are there (you've never heard Bill Buckley give a better one, or heard Clare Booth Luce more charming, or heard Barry Goldwater funnier). You'll see pages of candid photos of your favorite NR personalities — you'll find out what the people you've been reading about for years look like. You'll savor the thought-provoking book supplement and you'll read the inside story of NR's first 10 years with pride — the pride of one who helped to make this historic moment possible.

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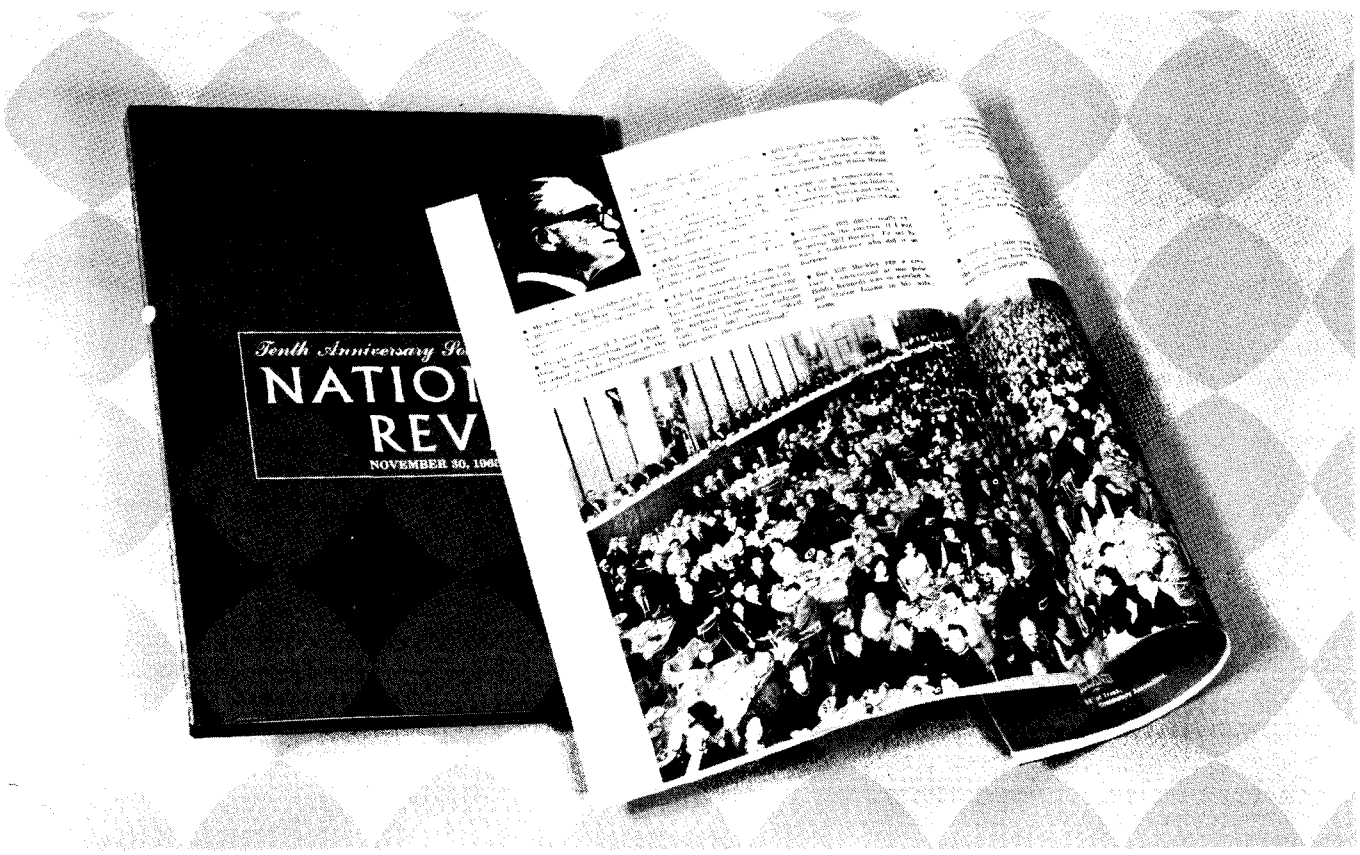

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Don't Get Taught Art This Way!

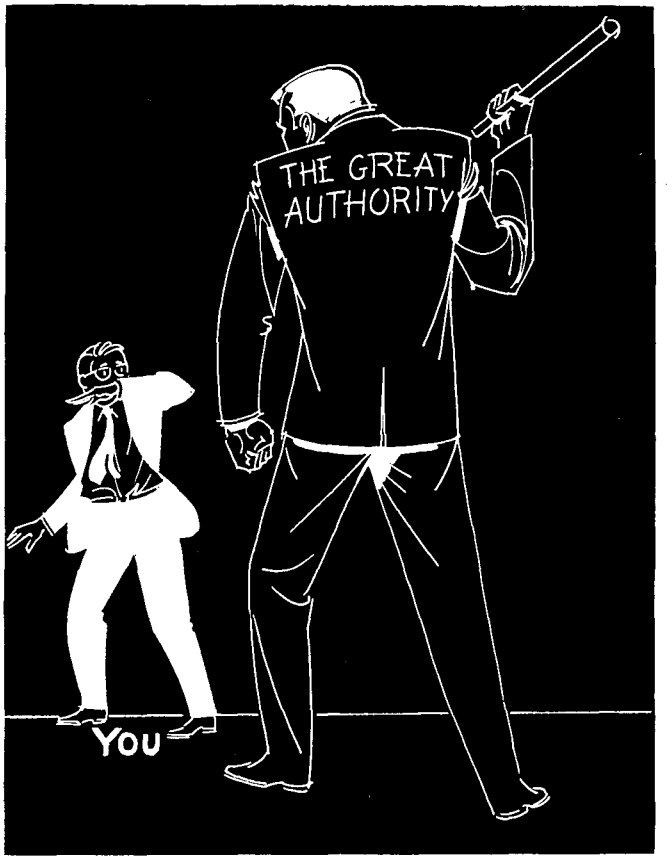
AS SO MANY PEOPLE DO.

Hold your independence of opinion. It's priceless. And plenty of times you can be the one who's right.

Eternal verdicts of "good" or "bad" in art are long out of date in this great booming space age. Too many unpredictable things are happening.

True, the "great authority" (like the weather-forecaster, or the "bookie" at the race track) can often make slightly better guesses than you can, for a short time ahead. And within that limit he can be useful. It's in your failure to keep him there, that the fatal error occurs. In no time he has developed into the all-knowing one, is delivering eternal verdicts in the thousands, and you are his prize easy-mark.

For instance, consider the six sample "verdicts" here quoted.



"Listen, ignoramus; as a special favor I'm teaching you to appreciate art, so let's not have any back-talk from you about what you *think*. Understand?"

[Taken (mainly for their brevity) from innumerable similar ones in the "course for art appreciation" published by one of America's greatest museums.]

To the man who has retained his freedom of thought, the barest glance (see "The True Facts" adjoining) in-

1 HOLBEIN

"This portrait . . . is the only one to use composition as a means of expressing an individual personality . . . the feeling we have that here is a real person, a person of great reserve, of acute intelligence — a subtle woman, a most attractive but not quite approachable one . . . What is it about the picture that suggests this personality? It is largely a question of arrangement; it is a matter of her pose and the placement of the figure in space. . . . *If the figure were truly centered it would relay to us the impression of a much more foursquare, more obvious, more everyday woman.*"

2 PIERO

. . . "*one of the extraordinary portraits of any time, a supreme example of the revelation of personality.* . . . Piero took the ruined profile, even the warts on the face, and patterned them into a design revealing the *strength, decision, intelligence* and abstract beauty — for, as drawn by Piero, the line of the duke's profile has become abstractly beautiful — of one of the most compelling personalities of the age."

3 VAN DER GOES

"*His face is filled with joy and reverence and almost with fright.* He dares lean no closer, but his eyes start with *wild curiosity* as he strains forward. *No head in the history of painting, of any period, surpasses this one in psychological revelation, through explicitly realistic representation.*"

THE TRUE FACTS

Verdicts 1, 2 and 3 are wrong not only because the character readings are so obviously one-man whimsies, but also because scientific studies (as well as police experience) have long since proved that a man's character cannot be read from his face.

Verdict 2 is also wrong in stating that one short line can be 'abstractly beautiful.' "Who ever heard of a musician falling in love with B flat?" asked the famous painter, John Sloan, very aptly.

As to Verdict 4, careful experiments among qualified men have shown that scores of lines, attitudes and relationships could be altered without disrupting the balanced harmony at all.

Verdicts 5 and 6 have no apparent purpose except to awe the amateur and make him realize how ignorant he is compared to the "great authority."

To nine men out of ten (by actual test) the effect of running is very well conveyed in the cot picture. And that the fancy "standards" used to censure the Benton are pure humbug becomes evident as soon as you try to give them *really practical* application either to the Benton picture or to any others.

However, much worse than the mere wrongness of these verdicts is that they confuse and frustrate great masses of people, who, when they find themselves totally unable to respond to art works in the way they "should", conclude that art is "not for them".

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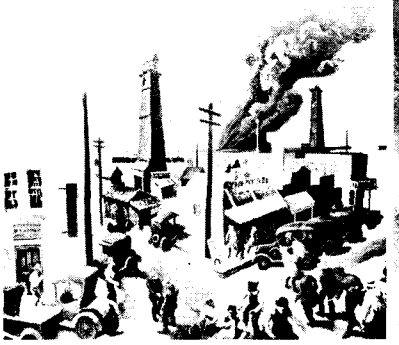
stantly reveals that they are either highly dubious or (more often) actually nonsense.

Such a man is the exception, however.

Much more frequently found is the man who has gradually become so subservient to what he thinks is "established opinion" — often out of mere laziness and inadvertence — that he accepts these verdicts almost automatically. They are expressed in the same pretentious and sophisticated-sounding language that he observes everywhere and he takes for granted that such language is somehow inherent in art. He has become callous to nonsense, sometimes for life.



5 BOOM TOWN, BENTON

"The artificiality of his style seems out of key with the folksiness of his subjects, leaving us with the feeling that although he wanted to get to the heart of his material he managed only to observe it from the outside and record it inappropriately."

6 THE STORM, COT

"For all the signposts such as billowing drapery and bodily attitudes pointing out that the figures are supposed to be running, *there is no expression of flight. The lovers remain forever on tip-toe.*"

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is the modern approach to art

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4 EAKINS

...s a group the five men and two little girls ... compose a ...f rhythmic unity and variety that should be impossible, least disharmonious. ... *Yet there is not a line, an attitude, ...onship that we could change without disrupting the balanced ...*"

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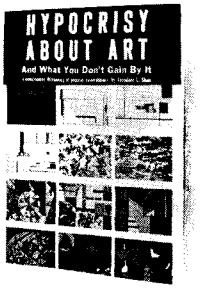

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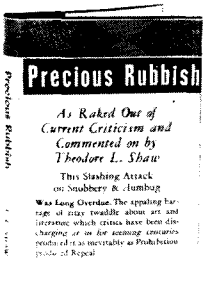

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The WEEK

● You'd think the Vietcong would have realized by now that their actions are just helping to prolong Fulbright.

● Lyndon Johnson is the World Champion issue-blurrer, but it is becoming questionable how much longer even he can blur the issue now ripping the seams of his party. Whether or not Bobby Kennedy intended it that way (the knowledgeable Rowland Evans and Robert Novak insist he did not, and made "a major miscalculation"), Bobby has, as a result of his proposal to offer the Vietcong entry into a united front Saigon government, given the Democratic doves a leadership, and therefore a coordinated power, that second-level figures like Messrs. Fulbright, Morse, Church and McGovern could not provide. Within twenty-four hours, Bill Moyers was spreading oil, and Bobby was insisting "I find no disagreement between what Mr. Moyers said and what I have said." But Hubert Humphrey, Presidential assistant McGeorge Bundy and Under Secretary George Ball had drawn the line from their side (it would be "imposing on the South Vietnamese the very forces that have been destroying them," stated the Vice President), as had Senator Fulbright from his, in a public tribute to the Kennedy proposal. It takes a more than Texas-size consensus to stretch all the way from keeping Communism out to asking it in. Meanwhile, Vietcong morale has been given a massive boost.

● Shortly after the Republican Attorney General of Massachusetts, Mr. Edward W. Brooke, announced he was going to take a crack at Leverett Saltonstall's old seat in the Senate, he was blessed with a word of commendation and encouragement from Himself, the Hon. Barry Goldwater. This has led to no end of confusion because Brooke faces significant challenges in the GOP primary, and because Brooke has come out swinging for such unGoldwaterisms as a sharp rise in the minimum wage, inflating the poverty program, expanding Medicare, weaseling in Vietnam, and Nelson Rockefeller in '68. If it turns out Brooke loves little girls and daisies, we give up.

● All the *New York Times* wants for Christmas is for the Senate to ratify a consular treaty with the USSR, which, as Col. Penkovsk(i)y and others have warned, would give the run of the land to hosts of undercover operatives as inseparable from Soviet diplomatic missions as they are from those touring cultural enterprises. Only, the *Times* prefers to think of what's in it for *us*—civil liberties for jailed American tourists. That ought to make us forget all about jailed American tourist Newcomb Mott, whose mortal remains yielded no evidence of "suicide" to American pathologists. And if it doesn't, there is Intourist's richly illustrated, twelve-page brochure, "Welcome to the USSR," being distributed as part of Russia's current campaign for American tourism and trade. The *Times* carries it in the same edition.

● But then, the *Times* does have its Sundays when reality, flickering through the fog, gives its readers an enlightened prevision of what a great paper it is going to be when whoever is responsible for publishing Drew Middleton's surprising comments on the UN (cited here a few weeks back) and John P. Roche's equally surprising ones on Vietnam, gets to be editor-in-chief. And in the *Book Review* of January 30 there was another surprise, a review which inscribes, for the first time that we can recall in those official ledgers, the conviction that Sacco and Vanzetti were guilty as charged, and that the Liberals and intellectuals have got away with being wrong about them all these years. Naturally, the persistent and perceptive writers whose researches first proved the truth of this assertion were not credited in the *Times'* review, but Baby's first steps are not expected to include a broad jump. Greetings to you who do these things for the *Times'* Sundays and ours, and we hope we haven't blown your cover.

● The stuff out of which Julian Bond intends to shape his protest before the Supreme Court, and other public tribunals, becomes disturbingly clear with the news that the American Civil Liberties Union has dropped his case because the firm of Leonard B. Boudin and Victor Rabinowitz, at Bond's request, had picked it up. Both men are top-ranking members of the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee, declared a Communist front in 1956 by the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee; and of the National Lawyers Guild, cited by both the SISS and the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Their list of clients includes Paul Robeson, Judith Coplon, Frederick Vanderbilt Field, and the Castro government (for representing which the Supreme Court in 1964 ordered both men to register as foreign agents). In testimony before congressional committees Boudin has denied he is Communist; Rabinowitz has taken the Fifth. Victor is president of the Louis M. Rabinowitz Foundation, which has made large money available to uncertified civil rights organizations, such as the Southern Conference for Human Welfare (identified as a Communist front by SISS) and the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee, of which Julian Bond is an officer, a hero a martyr-to-be.

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● Britain and France simultaneously made new moves, last week, in their opposite strategic directions. The decision that it would cut overseas commitments, give up aircraft carriers, and base its defense on American F-111A bombers and American-designed and armed nuclear submarines, meant that Harold Wilson has concluded that Britain must accept a strategic role as a subordinate element of America's global power structure. By announcing that France will proceed with a progressive withdrawal from NATO to be completed by April 4, 1969 (the date when NATO members become free to renounce the NATO treaty), de Gaulle was asserting France's wish to make her own way in the world, with complete freedom to behave as she chooses toward any other nation or bloc. De Gaulle failed, naturally, to mention that France's freedom of maneuver depends absolutely and will depend, as it has done for two decades, on the sheltering umbrella of American nuclear might.

● Nice Touch Dept. The Communist *Worker* announced it would not publish last Tuesday, Feb. 22, in honor of George Washington's birthday.

The Cupboard is Bare

Our military leadership, or a section of it, has finally seen fit to share with the rest of us, through the mechanism of an obviously "inspired" article by Hanson W. Baldwin (*New York Times,* Feb. 21), a set of facts that has been for months the subject of rising professional concern. These facts lead to an inescapable conclusion: "The nation's armed services have almost exhausted their trained and ready military units, with all available forces spread dangerously thin in Vietnam and elsewhere."

Offhand it seems curious a military force can be "almost exhausted" by an operation utilizing only 200,000 out of a total of nearly two million men. Reflection shows why this must be so. Only a minor proportion of our military personnel is in "combat units," and of these, partly because of the continuous mass training requirements of our draft system, still fewer are "trained and ready." Our services must staff and maintain the global strategic deterrent systems, their share of the NATO systems, the continental defense system, and a variety of outposts (Panama Canal Zone, Guantanamo, communications centers, Pacific islands, etc.) bearing on our security and responsibilities. Moreover, a war fought 12,000 miles away means a vast stretching, in time as well as [illegible]e, of all channels of supply: the men, ships, [illegible]s and supplies moving toward Vietnam have [illegible]-cleaner effect all the way back along the [illegible] tending to suck in anything, from an aircraft carrier or machine gun to a spare sparkplug or master sergeant, that isn't nailed down.

It isn't only the ready manpower that is almost exhausted. Mr. Baldwin's article lists typical shortages in many sorts of supply; clothing ("shortages . . . . widely reported"); ammunition ("5.56 ammunition for the M-16 rifle, 2.75 inch rockets, illuminating shells and 750-pound bombs . . ."); spare parts ("of every type for aircraft, helicopters, communication and electronic equipment, engineering equipment and in motor supply are in short supply everywhere")—an emptiness noted, along with immense confusion, at every staging point by an Air Force friend of ours who recently crewed a C-97 out to Saigon; M-14 and M-16 rifles; reserves of combat aircraft.

How serious are these shortages in practical terms? They do not yet have a major damaging effect on Vietnam operations. But we have heard it put this way: that the U.S. could not at present, and with necessary speed, mount a new operation on the scale of last year's Dominican intervention. "We are," says a recently retired officer quoted in the Baldwin article, "in a situation of perilous insufficiency . . . [without much capability of] a graduated response to any serious challenge." We may be certain that this perilous insufficiency is known to Moscow, Peking and Hanoi.

It is true that all military staffs at all times everywhere complain that they are short-changed on men, money and supplies. It is also true that fighting even on a restricted scale chews up men and things at a colossal rate. It is normal that the current spread should be thin, but not so thin as this. We pay now, and may soon pay painfully, for the failure of successive Administrations—in their over-balanced preoccupation with strategic nuclear weaponry—to anticipate this sort of war, and for a McNamarian "cost-effectiveness" criterion well suited to business but appropriate to armies only when they are *not* called on to fight. An armed force potentially effective in war *must* be inefficient and over-supplied in peace: there must be the slack to pull up and the fat to draw on when the fighting starts.

But, for the immediate shortage of trained units there is an additional cause for which not fate or Mr. McNamara, but Mr. McNamara's boss, is wholly responsible. The President has chosen not to call up any units of the trained Reserves, though for nearly a year this has been the recommendation of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. There is no other way to fill quickly at least some of the manpower gaps. The President has not done so, because 1) he has refused to make up his mind whether or not the nation is seriously at war, and 2) mobilization of the Reserves is a terribly unpopular thing for a President to do.

Come to think of it: is it possible that this Baldwin article is part of the psychological preparation

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for calling the Reserves this spring? Could be; could quite possibly be.

Answer Please, Mr. Nixon

There is little doubt that, if a Republican national convention were held today, the Presidential nominee would be Richard Nixon. Which is reason enough why there was eyebrow-raising around *NR* last October 14th when political columnists Evans and Novak reported that "in a recent conversation with newspaper reporters, Nixon described the Buckleyites as a threat to the Republican party even more menacing than the Birchers."

NATIONAL REVIEW publisher William Rusher promptly dashed off a little note to Nixon, explaining that "as a fairly well-known Buckleyite, I would deeply appreciate knowing whether the above remark was correctly attributed to you." No answer.

On November 2, Rusher tried again: "Quite frankly, I cannot believe that you uttered those words. But it is critically important to many conservative Republicans to know whether, in fact, you did or not —and only you can tell us that."

For reply, only the wind whistling through the trees.

A third effort, on January 10, likewise brought no response.

Now, we do not want to complicate Mr. Nixon's life unnecessarily. On the other hand, the question he is avoiding is one of a certain importance—not only to "the Buckleyites," but to conservative Republicans in general, and for that matter to Liberals too, both in and out of the GOP.

We take "the Buckleyites" to mean those conservative Republicans who, like Wm. F. Buckley and this journal, have explicitly condemned the well-known absurdities of Robert Welch and his followers in the John Birch Society, but who also refuse to cheer mock-Republicans like John Lindsay when in capturing local outposts of the Republican Party they betray the very principles that make Republicanism worth supporting.

If Richard Nixon in fact believes this viewpoint represents "a threat to the Republican party even more menacing than the Birchers," there are a lot of people who would like to know about it. If he doesn't, then he has been seriously misrepresented and he should say so.

Score at Half Time

Congressman John Ashbrook returned from Rhodesia a fortnight ago convinced that economic sanctions alone will not bring down the government of Prime Minister Ian Smith. He reports that the pressures Harold Wilson has brought to bear against Rhodesia have—as might have been expected—served rather to unite than to fragment the country.

Some facts, not widely reported here or in Britain, tend to confirm Mr. Ashbrook's findings.

Oil: The sanctions have not stopped oil from reaching Rhodesia. Some—the *Rand Daily Mail* estimates as much as 35,000 gallons—is shuttled across the Limpopo river's Beita bridge from South Africa on a regular nightly service. (Only a small portion of that is oil raised by the burgeoning South African "Petrol for Rhodesia" clubs.) Shipments almost as large are reliably reported arriving in Rhodesia from Mozambique. If so this would mean that Rhodesia is receiving over half of its estimated oil needs from these sources. And an *NR* editor, in Capetown recently, was informed that at least one major international oil company—with oil to burn, so to spe[illegible] was only too willing to sell to Rhodesia, p[illegible] suitable cover could be arranged. Add to tha[illegible] fact that Rhodesia depends on petroleum for on[illegible]

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Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ Color a deathly pale green the President's request for four-year terms for members of the House. The most authoritative polls of Congress show that LBJ would be lucky to get a simple majority to go along, much less the required two-thirds of both House and Senate. House Judiciary Committee Chairman Emanuel Celler (D., N.Y.) will probably be asked by his colleagues to bury the bill in committee, as he has done with so many similar proposals.

◆ Big Brother in Action, I: Internal Revenue re-opened an investigation of the National Right-to-Work Committee's tax-exempt status right after the failure of the Repeal 14(b) venture. A similar investigation was made after last year's unsuccessful repeal drive, upon request of House Labor Subcommittee chairman Frank Thompson Jr. (D., N.J.). Adding to speculation that the agents have been ordered to "go back and get something this time" is IRS's demand that the Committee cough up detailed info about "each officer, employee other than clerical, resident staff member, etc." including data on "memberships, directorships, etc. of each in other non-profit organizations. . . ." Could IRS be working in cahoots with Group Research?

◆ Big Brother in Action, II: A couple of Washington reporters are quietly gathering instances of Internal Revenue Service intimidation of the press. They hope to prove conclusively what is already suspected by many reporters here—that the IRS is systematically probing the tax returns of influential writers, especially those who are truly independent or anti-Johnson. The most recent victim, a distinguished anti-Johnson editor, has been slapped with a suspicious multi-thousand-dollar tax bill. Pro-Johnson writers, however, are not exempted, and it is well known that some who sing the sweetest songs publicly, loathe the man privately. Indeed, under the new commissioner, Sheldon Cohen, the IRS is emerging as an ominous factor in public affairs. It is widely believed that the tax returns of most congressmen have been examined for their susceptibility to Presidential leverage. Upon assuming office, Cohen immediately distinguished himself by refusing to open IRS files to a Senate subcommittee searching for IRS abuses.

◆ Coming up on March 1 are hearings on U.S. policy relating to apartheid in South Africa. Rep. Barratt O'Hara (D., Ill.), House African Affairs Subcommittee chairman, promises to hear "all sides." The preponderance of left-leaning organizations, however, makes it a safe prediction that the hearings will be more a propaganda vendetta than a calm inquiry. Rep. John Ashbrook has asked the same Subcommittee to hold hearings on Rhodesia and send a fact-finding mission to Salisbury. The silence has been deafening.

◆ Word is out that the Bobby Baker trial is scheduled for October. That's an astonishing date for a politically loaded trial in an election year, but note that it permits Baker's attorneys to seek but a single postponement—rather than a string of them—to move the date safely into November. That maneuver, however, may be in vain. Those who have patiently pieced together the full story are capable of dropping several bombshells long before election day. Odds are, before the year is out, that one Democratic senator will be gravely compromised; that there will be problems for Texas Democrats too; and that the White House will look even less white.

◆ While "hards" in the capital welcome any curbs on shipping to North Vietnam, they view the newly-instituted blacklist of West European vessels as a farce when compared to what must be done. So far it affects none of the approximately forty Polish vessels that pulled into Haiphong some fifty times last year, no Soviet shipping, and merely five ships chartered by our "allies" (three of them British). Of around 500 calls at the port of Haiphong in 1965, 257 were by vessels of our allies—including "ten ships a month" on the part of the British, according to Secretary McNamara. The port facilities at Haiphong are being worked at near capacity, since they handle only six ships at a time (compared to five for Saigon). Add the heavy amounts of Soviet aid via air and rail, and then consider the North Vietnamese Prime Minister's recent comment that "We will defeat the Americans with Soviet equipment." **—CATO**

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about 25 per cent of its energy. And that it is relatively simple these days to convert cars and trucks to use industrial alcohol for fuel which, with plenty of sugar, Rhodesia can do.

Expense of sanctions, to Britain. 1) The airlift of oil to Zambia is costing Great Britain a-plenty—approximately $2.10 per gallon for gasoline which is sold in Zambia for 70¢. Plus 2) the expense of stationing troops at the Kariba dam. Plus 3) the loss not only of the Rhodesian premiums of an estimated $2.8 million a year Lloyd's used to harvest yearly, but of South Africa's insurance business as well. (The South Africans, well aware that they, too, are sanction-prone and that in case of formal sanctions Lloyd's may not be permitted to pay off—as happened in Rhodesia—are busy as beavers setting up their own insurance companies.)

Tobacco. British companies aren't allowed to buy Rhodesian tobacco, even though it means they will probably have to move into the more expensive American market (balance of payments be damned) (British smokers be damned), which should be worrying Mr. Smith—but apparently isn't. He has found a buyer elsewhere, we are informed. ➤

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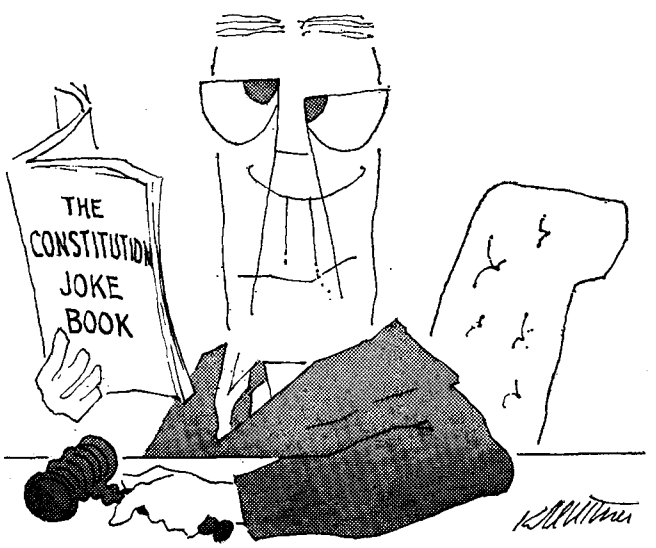
So? If sanctions won't do the trick what is Harold Wilson to do? It is not impossible, say some informed Western diplomatic sources in Africa, that he might even try force—drop a couple of thousand men into a relatively undefended portion of Rhodesia, set up a British-backed Yemen Government, and see if that wouldn't touch off the anti-Smith demonstrations he has been looking for since Nov. 11. But before he could take such a drastic step he would have to go to the British electorate. . . .

It's a gasser, all right.

What Do You Think We Are Here For?

There was only one sour note in the three-hour intellectual symphony presented at New York's Town Hall Sunday night, February 20. Half-way through, one of the star performers—a poet, Joel Oppenheimer, with tangled hair worn modishly shoulder-length—was about to begin on cue his solo turn in the "Read-In for Peace in Vietnam" (as the composition was entitled). Suddenly there appeared upstage a figure so incredibly square that the entire audience, coolest of the cool, relapsed into a ten-second silence. And it, poor thing—can such things be?—opened its mouth and from that very stage, before "some of the most distinguished creative spokesmen of this time . . . many of the brightest and most gallant American artists of this decade" (we quote as authority the soberly reporting words of Seymour Krim in the *New York Herald Tribune*), started to sing—we can hardly bring ourselves to write it down in b white—to sing "God Bless America"! For a moment the audience naturally assumed (as the *Times* observed) it must be somehow part of the presentation—a figure borrowed, perhaps, as a sick-camp gag from the cast of *The Persecution and Assassination of Marat as Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade*. Surely only a maniac would conceive of singing, or even whispering, "God Bless America" to "the brightest and most gallant artists of this decade."



"Here's my favorite: 'The enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people.'"

Of course, after that momentary startled silence, everyone saw it was *real* (if you can believe it), and we need hardly tell you how things went from that point. Stanley Kauffman, drama critic of the *Times*, who was conducting, rapped smartly for decorum. Poet Oppenheimer, hair streaming behind him, strode forward. "Get off," he yipped. "What do you think we are here for? We've been hearing that song too long." The figure—it later turned out to be a city detective who had been assigned to check a bomb scare—asked in all its naiveté, "Can I be heard? Are you going to let me be heard?" The answering shouts came ringing from all corners of the hall: "No! No!" and it disappeared into the wings. Dr. Oscar Sachs, chairman of the sponsors ("Committee of the Professions to End the War in Vietnam") summoned the police on patrol outside the theater to do their duty with this abortive saboteur.

Fortunately there was no other grubby interruption to mar the harmony of the evening. As with a single enraptured ear, the 1,500 souls ("passionately anti-war") in the audience listened to the distinguished creative spokesmen—"people like Robert Lowell, Lillian Hellman, Norman Mailer, William Styron, Susan Sontag"—and the brightest and most gallant American artists—("Hortense Calisher, William Gibson, Joseph Heller, Alfred Kazin, Bernard Malamud, Arthur Miller, Louis Untermeyer, Robert Penn Warren, Dwight Macdonald, Harvey Swados, Tony Randall, Maureen Stapleton, Ossie Davis, Ruby Dee, Elaine May, Viveca Lindfors, acid-tipped cartoonist Jules Feiffer . . . . Alan Dugan, Galway Kinnell, Stanley Kunitz and Denise Levertov" (we rely for identification, once more, on Seymour Krim)—"speaking out against the war," "adding their indignation to the teach-ins," joining "Mr. Kauffman in condemning 'the corruption of this country' as a result of the continuation of the war in Vietnam," speaking with Miss Sontag "about the 'revulsion' of American intellectuals and humanitarians" over the war" or, with Mr. Lowell, approaching "the immorality of the war by subtle symbols."

Actually, this Town Hall performance, for all its polish, was just a rehearsal for the big event—an international assembling, scheduled for New York

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in May, to which "intellectuals and writers from all countries" are coming at the invitation of our gallants.

The Town Hall affair was recorded for posterity. We're buying tapes to send to the fellows in Vietnam. Felt it would cheer them up. Show them how we folks back home are in there pitching. Make them proud of being Americans.

AFL-CIO, LBJ, COPE, 14(b), $1.75 & Co.

This is the season when the tycoons of unionism repair to Miami Beach for the cure, and to talk things over with the troops. The customary note of triumphal progress is, this year, subdued. In the wake of the drubbing over 14(b), Labor is feeling sorry for itself.

There is, for example, the grand crusade to raise the federal minimum wage to $1.75 an hour from the present $1.25. The Administration, without reminding anyone too loudly that the minimum wage was 40¢ as recently as January 1950, has actually spoken in terms of "guidelines" in this area. A "guideline" is 3.2 per cent yearly increase, which would work out as $1.29 for this year's new minimum. Mr. Meany is apoplectic.

Not all is lost. The Labor bosses at Miami Beach have given aid and comfort to the movement to boycott all the ships of all the nations trading with Hanoi. Indeed, in foreign relations the AFL-CIO of George Meany has been more consistently anti-Communist than the Western business community as a whole, and deserves applause.

Returning to the apoplexy: Mr. Meany glared at the proposal to apply "guidelines" to the minimum wage, and told the Administration to take it and shelve it. That's a good deal healthier reaction than that of the business community or the banking fraternity, which have supinely "cooperated" with the "voluntary" controls on prices, interest rates, and foreign investments. Of the main elements of production only Big Labor has spoken up forthrightly for the free market. If any semblance of the free market survives our current dalliance with fascist economics (see the comments of Ludwig von Mises and the late Wilhelm Roepke in this issue), much credit must be given to the refusal of Big Labor to submit to a Johnson-style stomping.

Of course, Big Labor feels strong because it enjoys extraordinary privileges and protections under the law. But those very privileges can be withdrawn by the hand that extended them. Johnson, or some future Johnson, may easily bring Labor to heel by talking about equal application of the anti-trust laws. Labor (under the present laws) is only as strong as its influence in Washington—a lesson now being recited in Miami Beach. If Labor were organized under laws prohibiting compulsory unionism, Mr. Meany and his colleagues would feel less like captive Democrats.

A note on that minimum wage: In January 1950 the statutory minimum wage was raised from 40¢ to 75¢. It was raised again in March 1956 to a dollar, in September 1961 to $1.15, and in September 1963 to $1.25. Back in 1950 the minimum wage amounted to 29 per cent of average hourly earnings in manufacturing. It came to 47 per cent of the average manufacturing wage just before the last increase.

After every increase in the minimum wage there has been a significant increase in the unemployment statistics for teenagers and unskilled workers. It is allegedly on their account that the AFL-CIO's Mr. Meany wants to raise the minimum wage to $1.75. Dr. Arthur Burns, head of the National Bureau of Economic Research, has publicly prophesied that an increase of 25¢ in the minimum wage would raise the unemployment rate of nonwhite teenagers by 8 percentage points.

Not With a Bang But a Fizzle

On February 21, at Hunter College, the St. John's University administration—which, prudently, it would seem, declined to be represented—was worked over by: *Tribune* columnist and poverty publicist Michael Harrington, who declared that students and teachers must be allowed to determine policy for themselves, and hailed the student rebellion against "Do not fold, staple or mutilate"; a defrocked Maryknoll priest, now with the Catholic Worker, who was, he realizes now, "twisted and mutilated" by Catholic education but saw the light in Africa; Prof. Irving Howe of Hunter College and the teach-in circuit, who took up a "silent collection" (no change, please) and noted with hilarity that that's what parish priests do; an editor of *Crosscurrents*, who declared that the torch of freedom must not be extinguished by holy water; the St. John's Chapter National Student Association coordinator, who permitted himself a mild sally—"A Father Cahill [St. John's President] rocket has no batteries: fires without charges"—and read a letter from a professor-in-exile to a student-mascot hamster named Freddie urging Freddie not to pine, that he would return when "justice is done"; another (corporeal) professor-in-exile, who gloated over the university's upcoming "obituary"; and someone introduced as the "Mario Savio of St. John's," who declared that the mental moats which cut the sick sheep of St. John's off from the twentieth century must be destroyed.

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A jazz combo and a concert pianist (who stood up St. John's to be present) lightened the proceedings, and anchor-man Rev. Peter O'Reilly, who opined reconditely that at his time of life he should be off the vocal circuit but that there wasn't enough room on Sunset Boulevard, urged the sympathizers to support the cause (worth any amount of "tangential physical pleasure," according to the Hunter student moderator who urged the audience to douse smokes on PD orders) at the Sing and Swing Out for Academic Freedom to be held the following evening at the Village Gate.

Wilhelm Roepke, RIP

Wilhelm Roepke belonged to the generation of Germans that grew up in the time of the First World War and the fantastic inflation of the years following it. He studied at the universities of the German Reich, most of whose teachers of the social sciences and of the humanities in those days eagerly propagandized the ideas that a few years later Hitler popularized in *Mein Kampf*. It was the great old man of German university economics, Werner Sombart, professor at the University of Berlin, who in his last book proclaimed that the *Führer* gets his orders directly from God, the *Führer* of the Universe, and that *Führertum* means a permanent revelation.

In such an environment the young Wilhelm Roepke preserved his critical acumen. He noticed the fallaciousness of his teachers' doctrines and carefully perused the books they condemned. And he had the courage to promulgate his own ideas, although he knew very well what consequences he would have to face. He was one of the first professors the Nazis fired. With his congenial wife and his children he went into exile. For a few years he taught at the University of Istanbul. Then Rappard and Mantoux selected him as professor of international economic relations at the Graduate Institute of International Studies in Geneva, Switzerland. Here he remained until his premature death. Hundreds of former disciples from all parts of the world, many of them today eminent statesmen or scholars, mourn his untimely demise.

In a series of brilliantly written books, all of them also available in American editions, Roepke expounded his economic and political theories. These publications developed the principles that guided Ludwig Erhard and his collaborators, among them Alfred Müller-Armack, in their endeavors to build a new German economy out of the wreckage left by the Nazis. For most of what is reasonable and beneficial in present-day Germany's monetary and commercial policy credit is to be attributed to Roepke's influence. He—and the late Walter Eucken —are rightly thought of as the intellectual authors of Germany's economic resurrection.

This issue of NATIONAL REVIEW publishes a contribution by Roepke, probably the last article he wrote. It deals with the most urgent of present-day economic and political problems — the international currency chaos. One may disagree with some of the arguments advanced in it and with some of its minor conclusions. But the main content of Roepke's analysis and of his critique of the policies of the governments, especially of the American Government, is safe against any attempt at refutation.

While almost all of those whom the governments and the ruling political cliques think of as experts try to divert attention from the real source of the evil, Roepke here clearly points out that it is inflation, i.e. inflation intentionally engineered by the governments and bashfully styled either deficit spending or expansionism. The present cry for more "international liquidity" and the various suggestions for the creation of some new "reserve currencies" amount to nothing else than plans for an accelerated continuation of these vicious methods of public finance. What the present American Administration is doing under the misleading label of the "fight against inflation" is in fact a replica of what was called not so long ago in Europe "repressed inflation," a hopeless attempt to fight not inflation, but its inevitable effects, the rise in all prices and wage rates. It was this policy that the Nazis adopted and that resulted in their system of all-round government control of business and consequently of people's lives.

Thus, at the end of his life and his scientific career, Roepke again seized an opportunity to state forthrightly the principles of sound economic policy which he had championed consistently for more than four decades.

Students of the evolution of economic thought will one day give a detailed account of Professor Roepke's contribution to scientific knowledge. Those who had the privilege of studying under him will always remember what they owe to this eminent teacher. His friends and colleagues will never forget what his friendship has given to them. But the future historians of our age will have to say that he was not only a great scholar, a successful teacher and a faithful friend, but first of all a fearless man who was never afraid to profess what he considered to be true and right. In the midst of moral and intellectual decay, he was an inflexible harbinger of the return to reason, honesty and sound political practice.

LUDWIG VON MISES

Erratum. Our informant who reported (February 8) that Mr. John Tabor of Pennsylvania, Commerce Secretary for Governor Scranton, had been public

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relations director for the American Civil Liberties Union was incorrect. Mr. Tabor was a member of the ACLU but not an official; and in any case, resigned from the ACLU a while ago. We also incorrectly reported that Mr. Tabor "toured Pennsylvania with the anti-HUAC film." Mr. Tabor did present the film before a meeting of Young Republicans; but after that, he would have nothing more to do with it. We greatly regret our inadvertent misrepresentation.

—Ed.

On the Right

New York: 'Moderates' or 'Ultras'?

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The results in the special election in New York City are not full of meaning. The Republican backed by Mayor Lindsay did not win an impressive victory—he won by about 900 votes, somewhere between one and two per cent of the total votes cast. The Conservative candidate, Mr. Jeffrey St. John, took in over eight per cent of the votes, and in doing so did better, by percentage, than his predecessor Conservative in his same district during the mayoralty campaign in 1965 (7.8 per cent), and almost twice as well as Mr. John Lindsay's Conservative opponent in the congressional race of 1964.

Buckley

The race between the Republican winner, Mr. Theodore Kupferman, and the Democratic loser, Mr. Orin Lehman, was primarily a race over a combination of personalities and brooding omnipresences. On the one hand, the voters had available to them Mr. Kupferman, a highly attractive lawyer backed by John Lindsay; on the other hand, they had Mr. Orin Lehman, a highly attractive businessman backed by Senator Bobby Kennedy. As between the two, there were hardly any differences in political program. Indeed, at the end of one confrontation on television, the one (I forget which) remarked to the other (I forget which) that indeed there were precious few differences between them, a fact as regards which no one had any alternative than to agree.

Most public observers readily acknowledged that there was no difference between the two gentlemen who, both of them, ardently backed President Johnson's social welfare program, his civil rights program, his poverty programs, and indeed practically everything the President stands for with the single interesting exception of Vietnam, concerning which they vied with each other in disapproving the line the President has currently taken. Both, for instance, opposed the bombing of North Vietnam; both frowned on any prospect of escalation; both went up to, but not including, the point of urging withdrawal by United States troops.

What is most interesting is that they were both labelled throughout the campaign, by the preponderant press, as "moderates." One was a "Republican moderate," the other a "Democratic moderate." It is apparent that, in workaday usage, the categories, as they travel from right to left, vault over the "extreme" or "ultra" as applied other than to a Communist or a conservative.

Bipartisan Zoo

Rhetorical geometry would suppose that if one acknowledges the category of an "ultra conservative Republican," one must, for symmetry's sake, acknowledge the existence of an "ultra Liberal Republican," at least in the absence of an altogether arbitrary ordinance prescribing that as one moves left from the ultra-conservative position, one traverses moderate territory, then hits a stone wall and o'erleaps the extreme Liberal territory which, geographically, one would suppose would necessarily lie between moderate Republicanism and the Democratic heartland. But the area in question appears to be absolutely unoccupied.

I say absolutely because for years I have scanned the *New York Times* in search of an "ultra Liberal Republican." Not only have I been unrewarded, I have not even discovered, in all of America, from the mountains to the prairies, to the oceans white with foam, a *single* ultra Liberal: not even in the Paleontological Institute at Harvard University.

"Ultra" (or "extreme"), although it is a word of generic applicability, is exclusively reserved a) for the unfashionable Right, and b) as a euphemism for the Communist Left ("the ultra Liberal Paul Robeson . . ."). It is the scarlet letter that perpetually identifies and ghettoizes the intolerable; and any definitive study of the rhetorical folkways of our age will quickly note this dead give-away, around whose usage the entire sweep of contemporary political currents can be charted. The Establishment's hard hold over the rhetorical categories is, in political discourse, its most important weapon.

How to maneuver, when the odds are thus stacked? "If Mr. Lindsay were any more Liberal," I found myself saying exasperatedly in the mayoralty campaign to a reporter, "he'd be in a zoo." Excessive yes, yes, I quite understand: but, in a way, a freeish translation of the *New York Times'* solid casting of Mr. Lindsay in an editorial exhorting the Liberal Party to give him its backing—"Mr. Lindsay is about as Liberal [sic] as a man can be." As a moderate, I'd have preferred to label him an extreme Liberal—except that the species simply doesn't exist. If you don't believe me, ask the *New York Times.*

Somewhere along the line, Moderate political theorists will have to explain just how it is that the ends of the two-party system are served by such elections as New York's most recent one.

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Report on the Left

The Catholic Peaceniks

ANTHONY T. BOUSCAREN

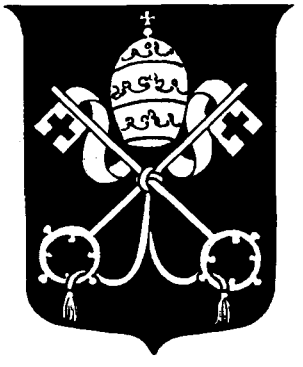
Any NATIONAL REVIEW reader who thinks that Brent Bozell's experience at St. Michael's College (*NR*, Dec. 14, 1965) is unique should know that the dialogue with the Marxists goes on apace. This notwithstanding the admonition of Pope Paul VI to the recent 31st General Congregation of the Jesuit Fathers in Rome: "To the Society of Jesus . . . in this disastrous time, we entrust the mandate of resisting atheism under the sign and protection of St. Michael. . . . Spare no effort in order to achieve success."

But the rank and file know better, some of them at any rate. One of these, Father Dan Berrigan, S.J., attended a peace congress in Prague, Czechoslovakia a couple of years ago. He was there three days, and was impressed with what he saw. Then he went to Budapest for a few days. Upon his return he circulated a letter to many friends and acquaintances about Marxism in central Europe. It wasn't so bad at all—a big improvement. Trains running on time, no unemployment—the usual things. The Church was better off under the Communist regime because it no longer had any privileges. More of a Christian Church than before. In one of his tapes sent to friends in central New York, Father Berrigan declared that Marxism was the wave of the future, while the West persisted in an armaments policy. Unhappily, he said, some princes of the Church, like Archbishop Beran of Czechoslovakia and Cardinal Mindszenty of Hungary were still living in the past. They refused an accommodation with the Marxists. Catholic leadership in central Europe must come from outside the ranks of such unprogressive men.

David Miller, first of the draft-card burners, was a student of Father Berrigan's at Le Moyne College and was strongly influenced by him and other peace theologians. Miller went on to the Catholic Worker and the Catholic Peace Fellowship, as did others. Father Berrigan himself moved on to become Associate Editor of *Jesuit Missions* Magazine and was recently the focus of a campaign against the "silencing of the clergy."

Dorothy Day of the Catholic Worker chose to cooperate with Communists, as for example in the 1957 venture called the American Forum for Socialist Education, where she, Communists Doxey Wilkerson and Albert E. Blumberg opposed Western intervention in the Hungarian crisis. She did it again when she went to Castro's Cuba. She came back to say, "Thank God for Castro."

Last year Dorothy Day, Father Berrigan, his brother Philip Berrigan (S.S.J.), together with such as David Dellinger, W. H. ("Ping") Ferry, Staughton Lynd, A. J. Muste, Linus Pauling, and Julian Bond, signed the famous "Declaration of Conscience" calling for acts of civil disobedience in protest against the "torture" and "killing" undertaken by



U.S. forces in Vietnam. They called for draft evasion, refusal to manufacture or transport military equipment or to work in the fields of military research and weapons development, and "acts" to "stop the flow of American soldiers and munitions to Vietnam."

Last fall the brothers Berrigan returned to their home base in Syracuse to distribute some Fellowship of Reconciliation literature about American murders in Vietnam and to see if the peace message was still getting through in the back country. It was. But when David Miller burned his draft card, the President of Le Moyne College felt constrained to state: "Last year there were 278 graduates from Le Moyne. I have yet to hear from 277."

W. H. Ferry, vice-president of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, spoke at Le Moyne in the spring of 1965 to sell the Center's forthcoming "Pacem in Terris" conference in New York. He returned to the campus December 3rd, to deliver a lecture on U.S. education. Our educational system, he complained, was being prostituted to serve the technological aims of a foreign policy bent on war, and the narrow objectives of anti-Communism. (Ferry had meantime resigned from the Democratic Party in protest against Johnson's war).

While this was going on, The Catholic Peace Fellowship of the Fellowship of Reconciliation placed double-page ads in the *National Catholic Reporter, Commonweal* and *Ave Maria,* demanding peace in Vietnam. This to be accomplished by giving in to Communist demands: stop the bombing, negotiate with the Vietcong, and go back to the Geneva Agreements of 1954. For good measure, the signers called on Catholics to refuse to serve in the "unjust war."

Five Jesuits signed (including the irrepressible Father Dan), as did an assortment of other clerics and laymen, including such well-known activists as A. V. Krebs Jr., Gordon Zahn and Edward Keating of *Ramparts.* None, so far as I know, is expert on either East Asia or Vietnam. Their analysis of the situation goes directly counter to that of the distinguished list of academicians, headed by professors Fishel and Trager, who support U.S. defense of South Vietnam. The ad charges that the U.S. Government has "consistently ignored the possibility of a peaceful settlement," and repeats the old dodge about Eisenhower's statement of how elections might have resulted in 1954, without explaining that Eisenhower was talking about a contest between Ho Chi Minh and Bao Dai. Anyone, after all, could have beaten Bao Dai. Diem beat him by better than Eisenhower predicted Ho would beat him.

The ad, in short, is the sort of ad that could only have been compiled by certain types of theologians.

And so the dialogue continues.

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The Third World War

From Ho, With Love

JAMES BURNHAM

You may have missed Ho Chi Minh's *New Year's greeting to the American people.* It read as follows: "On this New Year's Day I wish the American people, with all my heart, peace, prosperity and happiness. The people of Vietnam seek peace passionately. But peace is impossible without genuine independence. The American imperialists are carrying out an aggression against Vietnam, and the Vietnamese people must fight to protect their independence and to defend peace. The ruling circles of the United States talk about peace, but in actual fact they make war. Let the American imperialists halt their aggression and all their military operations against the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, and withdraw their soldiers from South Vietnam, so that the Vietnamese people may put their affairs in order as provided by the 1954 Geneva accord: thereupon peace will be immediately re-established in Vietnam.

Burnham

"The Vietnamese people appreciate immensely the friendship of the great American people. I congratulate and warmly thank the American people for having called on the U.S. Government to end its war of aggression in Vietnam. You did this, my friends, also in order to save American boys from a useless death in an unjust war against Vietnam, thousands of miles from the United States. I wish the American people new victories in the struggle for democracy, peace and happiness."

Ho sounds too crude to take seriously? Read his greeting over again, carefully, and note how clearly his points mesh with the main themes of our domestic opposition.

Ho, it should never be forgotten, is in the direct line of Lenin. For him as for all Lenin's heirs, a revolutionary war is always fought simultaneously on two major fronts: on the military front in the field, and on the psychological and moral front in the enemy's rear. The second front, according to Leninist doctrine and practice, always affects and often decides the outcome on the military front.

Ho and his colleagues have particularly in mind the precedents, as they interpret them, of Mao's war in China and their own war against the French. They believe that Mao succeeded not merely because he outfought Chiang's troops but because the global psywar campaign had undermined the will of the non-Communist powers to block a Communist takeover of the world's most populous country. They know that it is only in myth that Dien Bien Phu settled the Vietminh's war against the French. The French army took a bad licking at Dien Bien Phu, but was far from knocked out militarily. The knockout came in France, where the steady erosion of the French will reached the critical point, in 1954, at which the Assembly named Pierre Mendés-France premier on a pledge to liquidate *la sale guerre.*

The French Way

Ho sees the present struggle as identical in fundamentals to his struggle against France. Imperialist, neo-colonialist America has been substituted for colonialist France; American puppets named Diem or Ky, for the French puppet Bao Dai; but the historical, the class lines are unaltered. Ho therefore repeats the same two-front strategy that succeeded with France in 1954, and sees no reason why it should not equally well succeed, in the long run, with the new enemy. He is not so naive as to suppose that the psywar operations of the Communist apparat can, of and by themselves, disintegrate the U.S. domestic front. Like a good Leninist, he relies on "objective factors" that can be triggered and guided by the "subjective" intervention of the Communists. The objective factors, as he sees them, are the "contradictions" within the social structure of advanced (and decadent) finance-capitalist imperialism—both within U.S. society and between the U.S. and other capitalist powers. As the military situation approaches stalemate, and it becomes apparent that the U.S. expeditionary force, whether or not it could win, cannot be defeated militarily in the field, Ho (and Mao and Brezhnev) put primary reliance on the second (psychological and moral) front.

Is their hope absurd? To judge from what we see in the press and on TV, it would not seem so. In France in the earlier case the sign that the anti-war tendency was becoming dominant for governmental policy was its growing prominence in the Assembly, and its spread beyond the Communist and socialist deputies to the Center and parts of the Right. This took more than five years, but already the anti-war tendency in the U.S. has affected political layers that held firm in France until late 1953.

Senators and Generals

The analogies have been touched on in the Senate hearings. General Maxwell Taylor stated: "[The Hanoi leaders] perhaps still hope for some kind of military victory in the South. Certainly, they are not convinced that in some way the U.S. cannot be detached from the support of South Vietnam. They have not forgotten that the Vietminh won more in Paris than in Dien Bien Phu, and believe that the Vietcong may be as fortunate in Washington. They doubt the will of the American public to continue the contest indefinitely."

Senator Wayne Mendès-Morse was indignant at Gen. Taylor's reference to popular opposition to the war as a "weakness" on the home front. "I happen to hold to the point of view," he asserted, "that it isn't going to be too long before the American people as a people will repudiate our war in Southeast Asia."

Gen. Taylor's comment was sufficiently cold: "That, of course, is good news to Hanoi, Senator."

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Our War with Red China

An American editor, basing his view on strategic reality, history and direct observation, argues that Red China is our enemy in the Vietnam War

ANTHONY HARRIGAN

I. In Vietnam

Though Chinese Communist field armies in Yunnan and Kwangsi provinces have not received marching orders from Marshal Lin Piao to move across Hanoi's territory into the highlands and coastal regions of South Vietnam, the real enemy facing the South Vietnamese and Americans in the Southeast Asian war is Communist China. In warring by proxy, Peking is resorting to ancient methods; and in North Vietnam, which is furnishing the proxy forces for the fight against the United States, Mao Tse-tung has a tributary state comparable in its supineness to the petty kingdoms that obeyed the will of the Chinese emperors of a thousand years ago.

It is in terms of Peking's empire-building that the South Vietnam war should be understood by the American people. If the United States is to define and attain its objective in the Vietnam war, it must bear in mind that Peking is carrying out one of the epochal aggressive moves in history. The dimensions of the clash have yet to be spelled out to the U.S. public. The Johnson Administration's statements on the Vietnam War do not begin to explain the historical necessity for an American presence on Asian battlefields. It is true that America wants to defend a small and brave nation, South Vietnam. It also is true that a defeat of the South Vietnamese by the Vietcong would have unpleasant effects on U.S. credibility as a great power. But these facts do not completely account for America's massive commitment of men and arms to the Asian struggle. The reason the United States is militarily engaged in Vietnam is that our country's survival is involved in the struggle. Communist China's thrust at the United States, through the agency of the Vietnam War, is as threatening as Japan's attack at Pearl Harbor a generation ago.

The directness of the Chinese Communist challenge cannot be doubted by reasonable men. Americans have the word of Peking's Defense Minister who, on Sept. 3, 1965, called for a "people's war" against the United States, saying: "Everything is divisible. And so is this colossus of U.S. imperialism. It can be split up and defeated. The peoples of Asia, Africa, Latin America and other regions can destroy it piece by piece, some striking at its head and others at its feet."

The message is perfectly clear; Peking aims at nothing less than the expunging of U.S. power in the world. The stated method is the use of a human wave strategy—the triumph of numbers over our technologically advanced tools of defense.

Now it is true that the U.S. public has yet to experience the shock of recognition of Red China's fury in the Vietnam war. This is not surprising, for it has been a war of skirmishes that has continued by fits and starts. As yet there has been no spectacular direct Chinese action comparable to the Yalu River crossing in the Korean War. The conflict has been bloody but piecemeal. It has been more like a particularly nasty frontier war, rather than an earth-shaking clash in which the destinies of great nations are involved. Peking has planned it that way, for Americans would respond instantly and completely to another Pearl Harbor situation, whereas they still find a protracted struggle difficult to understand.

The Peking regime believes its own propaganda to the effect that the United States is a paper tiger. Its expectation is that the American people have no stomach for a protracted conflict, and tire easily. Nibble by nibble, Red China hopes to swallow the portions of Asia that are under U.S. protection. If the nibbling process proves too time-consuming, then the Chinese Communists stand ready to launch human waves at the American and allied forces, confident that we are psychologically unprepared to deal with massed humanity used as a national weapon.

Much of the surface evidence helps Peking reach the conclusions it wants to reach. Pacifism is a strong current among many left-oriented American intellectuals. Official indecision in Washington (as exemplified by the bombing pause) lends substance to Red China's belief that the American people want to escape struggle and will go to any length to avoid a test of stamina.

Yet these surface manifestations of weakness are illusory. In other times, other nations have similarly miscalculated the American spirit. If Hitler's ghost could speak, it could tell Mao Tse-tung how wrong he is to

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write off the American will to win once the survival issue is comprehended.

If Peking's political analysts were to review America's twentieth century history, with an objective eye appraising this nation's growth and development, they would be compelled to cite the expansiveness of the American national dream. The century opened with Americans engaged in the Philippines. About that same time, U.S. troops were marching with Japanese and other Western forces to rescue Americans besieged in the capital of Imperial China. Throughout the 1920s, the United States helped police China in a period of revolutionary conflict and warlord rule. In the 1930s, Japan emerged as the chief source of danger in Asia. Four years of total war in the Far East ended with the nuclear humbling of Japan. This was followed by the fragmentation of the Japanese empire and the reconstruction of Japan's political life on a new basis. Then followed the brief, bitter but inconclusive clash with Communist China in Korea; the safeguarding of Formosa and the free Chinese offshore islands; and lately the approach towards a fresh confrontation with Peking on the Asian mainland. In the 1950s, the United States made a tremendously significant decision when it physically drew closer to the Asian world by admitting to statehood Hawaii, an island group in the central Pacific, and Alaska, a territory that extends into northern Asia.

It is extremely unlikely that the United States will withdraw from Asia and the Pacific world as Red China demands. The United States has strong ties to Japan, emotional as well as economic and military. Australia is recognized as vital to American security. Twenty-one years after the end of World War II, the United States is more than ever a Pacific power. Already there is talk that the South Pacific islands under American administration may in time become America's 51st state.

Thus the United States can be said to belong in Asia and have a developing role in that part of the globe. As a result of this, the logic of American history conflicts with the logic of the history of Communist China. One of the two nations cannot fulfill the destiny it desires. If Americans look ahead, they can see a bridge of civilization and mutual interest—or more than one bridge—linking the United States and Australia, and the United States and Japan. Australia is a strategic reserve for the free world—a potential new America in the Southern Hemisphere for people of our civilization. Our national destiny lies in the Pacific world, as much as in the Atlantic; and it is this destiny that will be vitally affected by the outcome of the war in Vietnam.

China Then and Now

Red China has begun a contest in Vietnam, the end of which it may regret. The end—let us admit—must be much more than a mere containing of the Chinese Communist regime. Our struggle, if it is to be effective, must have a much larger strategic objective—nothing less than the arresting of Peking's expansionism and the fragmenting of the Red Chinese national state. Red China has a grand design: a new China across the seas in Australia and New Zealand, the return of all South Asia (including the Philippines, Indonesia and India) to the ancient status of tributary states or territories, and the penetration of East Africa by Chinese agents and settlers, thereby fulfilling the dream of Cheng Ho, the eunuch admiral who led imperial fleets across the Indian Ocean in the fifteenth century.

The Chinese empire in that century did not appreciate its strategic opportunity. China had the technical ability in its naval forces to round the Cape of Good Hope and create bases on or near Europe, precisely as the European voyagers did in Africa and the New World. The Chinese empire in that period could have encircled Europe, as Mao Tse-tung today proposes to surround the advanced nations by means of revolutionary control of the world countryside. But in the fifteenth century a land party ruled in the imperial capital. The Chinese fleets were ordered back to their ports.

Mao Tse-tung has the ambition and the dream lacked by the Chinese emperors of half a millenium ago. He has marshalled his country's strength and intends to deploy it against the only significant adversary Red China faces to the south and east—the United States. Northward Mao cannot march at this time. Though the Soviet Union occupies former territories of imperial China, the Kremlin has no intention of relaxing the Soviet hold on lands that provide a buffer against the hundreds of millions living to the south.

Whether Mao Tse-tung will succeed in his imperial ambition depends in large measure on the American will to resist and American understanding of the historical mission and challenge facing the United States. Weakness in the U.S. will be Mao's opportunity. Thus it is imperative that the United States forces be utilized in a manner compatible with the extent of the crisis.

At present, U.S. armed forces are deployed on the periphery of the Red Chinese empire. They have not come into direct conflict with Mao's main forces, simply the proxy forces of the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese regulars. The United States could spend many years and vast amounts of national treasure fighting the proxy armies. Peking will be pleased if the United States wears itself out fighting Red Chinese auxiliaries. The odds would be against the United States in a long-range, marginal conflict. Such a struggle gives little scope to the technological superiority which is the strength of the United States. Indeed the United States has been fighting at a disadvantage in the Vietnam War by refraining from the use of powerful weapons in its arsenal. It has been fighting in the zone in which Peking wants America to fight. While American aircraft have bombed various installations in North Vietnam, the aerial blows have not been directed at the most vital targets. Even if the United States hit the hardest possible blows at North Vietnam, it still would be striking only a tributary of the nation manipulating the entire Asian conflict Obviously, in a war in Europe the United States could never hope to cripple the Soviet colossus by bombing Bulgaria. Yet we are tangling with a Bulgaria of the Far East. Thus over a lengthy period we could fight and fight and never finish off the real enemy. This means the United States must reconsider ends and means if it is not to be the loser in the struggle

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for the future of Asia and the Pacific world.

Perhaps the United States is getting closer to a confrontation with the major enemy. A year ago, few Americans would have considered this possibility. The American people are deeply immersed in their normal pursuits at home. Coming to terms with a direct challenge to national existence is not an easy process. In Vietnam, American troops have had to master anti-insurgent warfare. New tactics and combat air vehicles have had to be developed to deal with Communist revolutionary war forces in the countryside.

Despite new U.S. tactics and weapons for Asian struggles, a direct confrontation with Red China should be recognized as an unprecedented challenge for the American people. As Red China is the most populous country on earth, it is an enormously formidable foe even in the nuclear age. The American Republic should look at the dangers with eyes wide open.

If a direct conflict with Red China should develop, the United States must be very sure of its goals. Time in which to consider goals may not be extensive. Already U.S. aircraft have dropped bombs close to the Red Chinese border. And many Americans must realize that it is possible the future will find bombs being dropped on the other side of the border. In fact it is not inconceivable that U.S. bombing missions in time might inch forward until they reached the gaseous diffusion plants near Lanchow close to the Yellow River—the heart of Red China's nuclear facilities.

A direct confrontation with Red China could develop slowly or swiftly, with conventional or nuclear weapons. It could grow out of a sea blockade or materialize in the form of an amphibious assault against Hainan, the giant island that serves as a forward base for Peking in its design on Southeast Asia. No one seriously considers a conventional land campaign across the width of mainland China. It is not out of the question, however, that a U.S. strategic plan aimed at humbling Red China might (after an aerial knockout blow against nuclear facilities, railroads and industrial plants) include occupation of key ports and coastal cities. In these areas the representatives of the legitimate government of the Republic of China might be installed to exercise civil power. It was precisely such an opportunity that President Chiang Kai-shek noted in a speech December 22, 1965, in which he proposed the study of programs for "civil administration" in mainland zones after the return of free Chinese troops.

Clearly, the U.S. aim should not be to expunge China as a nation. Even if that were possible, it would only create a power vacuum that the Soviet Union would hasten to fill. But it is well within the capability and interest of the United States not *only* to curb Red China's war-making capacity (absolutely destroying its nuclear production facilities), but to arrest and reverse the growth mechanism of the Chinese Communist society. In this connection, Prof. George E. Taylor, director of the Far East-

ern and Russian Institute of the University of Washington, recently stated in *The Virginia Quarterly Review* that "our future in Asia is to participate in what may well be a long and decisive period in the decline of Communism as an ideology and a system of state power."

This objective is as yet not fully understood by the American public. It is a goal that will be bitterly opposed by those elements in the United States who prefer coexistence with humiliation—even at the risk of future annihilation by Red China—to a test of wills between our free society and the ant-hill society of Red China.

It should not be cockiness that impels the United States to a confrontation with Red China, no matter how much we appreciate the real strength of our nation. A confrontation, insofar as it is a deliberate choice on the part of the United States, should be firmly rooted in understanding that a conflict must be under the conditions and at the time of our own choosing so as to be most advantageous to our country and our civilization. A direct confrontation can only be justified on the basis of compelling necessity to assure our national survival. To wait past the limit of safety, to wear out U.S. forces in peripheral warfare while Red China rubs American nerve raw by heavy casualties over a long period (and while Peking builds up its nuclear delivery capability)—all this would involve endangering the United States to the point of risking its continued existence. Thus if the U.S. must fight a major battle for its survival, every effort should be devoted to assuring the success of the American strikes against the vitals of its chief enemy. Any other course of action would involve frittering away U.S. strength.

Hopefully, the military decisions made by the President will be related to a rational, long-range political goal such as the fragmenting of Red China. Those who view such a task as impossible should bear in mind that many empires have been fragmented in the past. World War I dissolved the German and Austro-Hungarian empires. World War II led to the dismantlement of the British and French empires. If the Ukraine had been detached from the Soviet state immediately after the Russian Revolution, the Soviet empire today would not be such a disturber of the peace.

To think in such sweeping terms may trouble some Americans. But it takes only a moment to recall that the United States fragmented the Japanese empire in 1945, occupied the home islands, subordinated the revered emperor to an American military pro-consul, amputated Japanese overseas territories—and today Japan is a good friend of the United States, and content within its territorial limits. What was achieved in taking aggression out of the Japanese empire of the 1930s and 1940s can be done with the Red Chinese empire if the American people are convinced of the need to do it.

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II. In the United Nations

Peking is engaged in what it calls "a war of no boundaries." Even as the military clash in the Far East transcends the physical limits of individual Asian states, the war is also waged in the political dimension. One of the principal war theaters for the forces of Communism is the United Nations organization. The UN building on the East River is as much a combat zone as the Mekong River in South Vietnam.

Fulfilling the dictum of Sun Tzu—"Uproar in the East, strike in the West"—Mao Tse-tung hopes to score a major diplomatic and psychological warfare victory in 1966 by having Red China admitted to the United Nations.

If this happens, the United States will suffer a political defeat that would be the equivalent of a staggering military setback. Opposition to Communist China's admission to the UN has been a central feature of American foreign policy since the Communists came to power in Peking. If Communist China were admitted to the United Nations organization, the United States would suffer a tremendous loss of face. It would be a colossal humiliation for the American people that could not be redressed by any ordinary feat of arms.

From the loss of face would stem grave political consequences. The Asian world undoubtedly would regard Communist China's admission to the UN as evidence that Peking stands for the wave of the future. There would be tremendous pressure inside Thailand, Malaysia, the Philippines, India and Japan to seek an accommodation with the government of Mao Tse-tung. In the same measure it would be a reversal for the free Chinese in Asia, who believe that the land and civilization of China in time will be rescued from the new barbarians now in power on the mainland. Admission of Red China would also give its regime the respectability and platform that it seeks. It would make possible subversion of UN agencies and trouble-making inside the United States itself. All in all it would symbolize a giant step forward, in the political dimension, for the aggressor state that is attempting to overrun the free nations of Asia.

It is incredible, of course, that supposedly responsible states should consider Communist China eligible for membership in the United Nations. Article IV of the UN charter specifies that the organization is open only to "peace-loving states which accept the obligations contained in the present charter." Most certainly, Red China—which has made a total commitment to violence as a national way of life—does not meet this basic formal test. Nevertheless, many governments are ready to admit Red China, no matter how much of a moral shock such an action would give to those Asian nations that want to preserve their independence.

Peking in the UN?

In asking themselves why Red China is able to rally such wide support at the very time its aggressiveness is so manifest, Americans should bear in mind that force often compels obedience through fear. It is Red China's military prowess, especially its extraordinary achievement in sending infantrymen across the world's most formidable natural barrier—the Himalayas—that has excited the fear which is at the root of many votes in Peking's behalf.

The last go-round at the UN saw Red China again excluded from membership, but by the closest of votes. Next time, unless the United States takes unprecedented action, Peking will probably be admitted. It will have driven a salient into the organization that is dedicated by the terms of its charter to peace and international order.

The turn of the tide in the UN in favor of Red China's admission stems from America's failure to conduct a political offensive against Peking to back up the U.S. military effort in the Far East. It has been as though our representatives at the UN didn't realize that there was a war on in Vietnam—a war masterminded by Mao. American policy toward Communist China has been characterized by negative thinking. Our goal has been the limited one of isolating Peking; and we haven't worked very hard at that. Our vast national power has not been employed to make it difficult for those states that have traded with Red China. We have sat back and done nothing while Canada, for example, sold vast quantities of wheat to the Chinese Communists, thereby enabling Peking to feed its armies.

It is not surprising that U.S. policy has been so negative on the political front, for the partisans of Western withdrawal from Asia have been immensely active. Thus one finds Malcolm Caldwell writing last year in *International Affairs* (London) and referring to "American aggression" and "Chinese restraint." Prof. Caldwell expressed profound defeatism when he said that "America could take steps toward conceding the eventual necessity of accepting things as they are [in Asia] and not trying to shape them to her wishes." Walter Lippmann tirelessly repeats the same pseudo-realist refrain, and—a new convert to isolationism—attacks "globalist illusion." Professor Hans Morgenthau proclaims the inevitability of Peking's domination of all Asian lands and waters. The defeatists are in truth attempting to condition the American mind to the inevitability of Peking's rape of Asia.

Among the intellectual scandals of our time is the strategic blindness and moral obtuseness of many writers and academicians who would dismiss Red China's appetite for aggression. Thus Prof. Harold S. Quigley of the University of Minnesota has dared to say: "In my judgment, Red China has not and does not now menace the national security of the United States."

Fortunately, the American people and the Congress have a keener awareness of the danger that Red China poses to the United States. If other nations refuse to recognize this danger, the United States must act in the interest of its own survival. It has to use the best political weapon available. This, like the atomic bomb, we have never used since the United Nations organization was created; it is, of course, the veto.

American reluctance to use the veto, which the Soviet Union has used on so many occasions, has made Americans almost forget that the right to the veto is a power we can

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legitimately exercise whenever we choose to do so. As one of the five permanent members of the UN Security Council, the United States may use the veto to prevent Red China from being admitted. The Security Council, after all, must approve the admission of every new member of the United Nations, no matter how the General Assembly votes.

The veto is a proper instrument for protecting the security interests of the United States and its allies in the struggle against Red China's war of political and military conquest. Its use would signal a tough new political line towards the Communist warfare state in Asia. Certainly, if the United States is close to using its power in new ways in a direct military confrontation with Red China, then the time has come for a political confrontation. To open new military campaigns against Red China's forces in the Far East battlefield, and at the same time to let Peking score a political victory in the UN, would be an enormous folly. Indeed if the United States is not going to retire before Red China, but intends to fight for its interests, then it is necessary that the war be conducted with a full mixture of political and military arms. The veto can be the decisive weapon on the UN battlefield.

Further on the China Confrontation: A Question and an Answer from France

The following text is the concluding part of a study of China and the Sino-Soviet conflict, signed "Jean Claire-Louis," which was published in December by the French military journal, La revue militaire générale.

Out of 750 million Chinese only 17 million are members of the Communist Party, but this minority—a privileged caste and national elite—has wholly succeeded in getting itself accepted by the Chinese masses, and in indoctrinating them.

The soul of the citizens of the defunct Middle Empire (or, rather, their "mind"—since the Chinese language, though so richly endowed with its 45,000 distinct symbols, has no term meaning "soul") has not evolved much since the arrival and consolidation of Communism. Besides, the Chinese have always given proof of a total lack of abstract logic. Astonishingly precise in observing whatever is concrete, as Taoists and Confucianists they recognize above all the utilitarian aspect of human activities. Why, then, should they not show an exemplary obedience to a regime which gives a roof to their family, movies to their wife, a school desk to their older daughter and milk to their baby? Those minor transformations in the daily life of the Chinese make us smile; however, they measure more progress in fifteen years than over many previous centuries. Under these conditions it matters little to the masses that only a tenth of the population shares directly in the benefits of the Marxist religion. One knows that one's children have the certainty of a better future, and that is enough.

The regime concentrates its maximum effort on its "dear little lambs." It feeds them, clothes them, instructs them—more exactly, in six years of school teaches them 2,000 to 2,300 symbols: that is to say, just enough to be able to read newspaper articles, so long as they are not complicated, but not enough to read and understand a book, or to ask oneself awkward questions. Six years of "the humanities" is a good deal at that; but the schools, in order to avoid awakening in the minds of the pupils any leftovers of the past, teach them to be Communist before being Chinese. A change of regime thus becomes totally excluded.

More important: While the White duellist gets rich and soft, and calls with all his heart for peaceful coexistence, the Peking duellist hardens himself. The war between the two Communisms has become and will become more and more contagious; it will bring other duels and will finally provoke the great nuclear explication. In a few years the well-fed, pleasure-seeking Westerner will realize that a new man—Communist man, but not the Communist man of Moscow, Tito or the popular democracies—is watching him, judging him and condemning him with much more severity than he has ever before seen or heard. Historians hesitate about the meaning of this new universe. They have not studied the problem in sufficient depth while suspending for a while their Western illusions. Believe me: this new man, reduced to essentials, robot and insect, will be pitiless toward others as he is pitiless toward himself. Happy because that is part of the official program, this "true fruit" of Communism will also know how to fight and die. How could he help knowing how to fight? His teachers have spent most of their lives in struggle; and ever since the Communists took power China has been at war. Draconian security measures, a cruel rationing system, a supple and intensive propaganda and a rigorous administrative discipline have moulded the citizens and nourished their ancestral hatred of foreign barbarians—of all foreign barbarians.

So what can be done about this country whose population will number more than a billion by 2,000 A.D.?

It is China, again, that motivates an unusual criticism of American policy in Vietnam by Pierre Boutang, the brilliant editor of the French nationalist magazine, La Nation Française:

The avowed and partially sincere motives of United States strategy are a people's freedom and the need to stop Communism in Southeast Asia. The true motives are fear and anguish before the demographic and nuclear power of China ten or fifteen years from now. And there is good reason for fear. [*At this point, M. Boutang refers to Jean Claire-Louis' conclusions, and adds:*] By 1975 China will dispose of intercontinental nuclear missiles.

For two years military and political leaders in Washington have known that the real issue is not Vietnam but the Chinese nuclear enterprise. The rational solution, the one most economical in human life—comparable to the destruction of Hitler's military capability that might have been carried out in 1935 at the time

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of the remilitarization of the Rhineland—would be the destruction, by classic bombardment methods, of this force for evil and death. But American democracy is doubtless incapable of this sort of saving foresight. Its largest electronic computers, if fed the facts about Chinese demography and nuclear power, will reply: wars, invasions, storms in every direction; catastrophe for humanity.

So, lacking the courage for the act which the situation demands, we find substituted the crushing of a people fundamentally innocent, with the outlook of a prolongation of its misery for twenty years. Meanwhile one waits hopefully to see whether the Russians won't perform the necessary act (a fantasy as things stand) or whether the Chinese will make a mistake that will permit the act to be done with a good conscience . . . .

It turns out that the United States is waging a war different from what it talks about, and therefore an unjust war; but the United States does not have the moral and political force to wage the just war, the war operation to forestall a danger immeasurably greater than any humanity has heretofore known, the only war that might justify and excuse, in the long view, the American *imperium*, which is from any other standpoint so costly and heavy.

I am asked: What is this? You condemn the war in Vietnam but you will approve if China is struck without any immediate or obvious reason? You reject escalated bombings of North Vietnam, but you would accept bombings which, in hitting the Chinese nuclear installations, might unleash global war?

I reply that the publicly known doctrine of Communist China (as public as *Mein Kampf*) makes it imbecile and criminal to run, voluntarily, the risk of conceding them the weapon of universal terror. The operation that would annihilate that risk for perhaps twenty years would cost several thousand times fewer victims than those of a China possessed of nuclear armament; fewer, indeed, than the Vietnam War is costing.

As for the risks of global escalation, the interest of the Russians coincides on this matter with those of the rest of mankind. They would protest, denounce, and then demand some sort of payment for consenting to the prime object of their own desire.

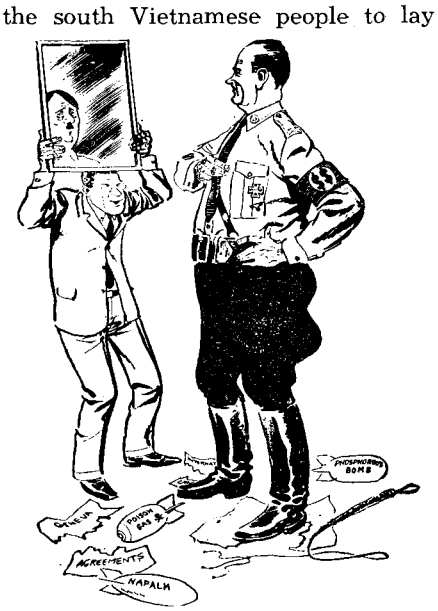
We are at the beginning of 1966, more than thirty years after the lost chance of destroying Hitler's death machine. I reflect with sadness on the condition of our world thirty years from now, if the Americans are as cowardly and stupid as the French Government then proved itself to be.

From Peking: '. . . Like Lips and Teeth'

The following comments and the cartoon are taken from the January 21 issue of Peking Review, *an official English language weekly of the Chinese Communist Government.*

The Chinese Government and people strongly condemn U.S. imperialism for its atrocious acts of aggression and resolutely support the just stand of the Government of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam and the Vietnamese people.

The peace avowed by the United States means the dropping of thousands of tons of incendiary and other bombs to raze one village after another in southern Vietnam. It means the mass slaughter of Vietnamese people, chopping off their heads, cutting out their hearts, disembowelling or dismembering them, not even sparing women and children. It means the use of huge quantities of poison gas and toxic chemicals to poison thousands upon thousands of people and destroy millions of acres of crops and vegetation. The United States in no way aims at peace. It is employing this unprecedentedly barbarous fascist means in an attempt to compel the south Vietnamese people to lay down their arms and stop resistance. It is resorting to the blackmail of a "bombing pause" in an attempt to compel the north Vietnamese people to stop aiding their fellow countrymen in the south. In the face of such shocking facts, no genuine peace-loving and just-minded country and people can help feeling indignant at the towering crimes of the United States and detesting its "peace offensive."



An Teh-lu in the *Peking Review*

"It suits you just fine, Mr. President."

China and Vietnam are closely related brotherly neighbors, like lips and teeth. We Chinese people are deeply affected by the sufferings of the Vietnamese people. We had similar experience when the Japanese imperialists invaded China; and the policies of "kill all, burn all and loot all" and of "scorched earth" are still fresh in our memories. We have also learnt from our own experience that the U.S. imperialists are even more barbarous than the Japanese imperialists.

Cowards are the worst brutes. The U.S. imperialists have already embarked on the road of Hitler, Mussolini and Hideki Tojo. Lyndon B. Johnson is at once more brutal and more cowardly than they. Countless facts have demonstrated that, in the face of the heroic Vietnamese people who persevere in struggle, the U.S. aggressors are a mere bunch of cowards mortally afraid of death. The more brutal its aggression, the nearer is U.S. imperialism to its doom. Chairman Mao Tse-tung has said that the imperialists and all reactionaries are paper tigers, while it is the people who are really strong. No matter how truculent and savage U.S. imperialism may be, it can never save itself from its inevitable failure in Vietnam.

People of the whole world, unite, support the Vietnamese people and overthrow U.S. imperialism! The Vietnamese people are bound to win, U.S. imperialism is bound to be defeated!

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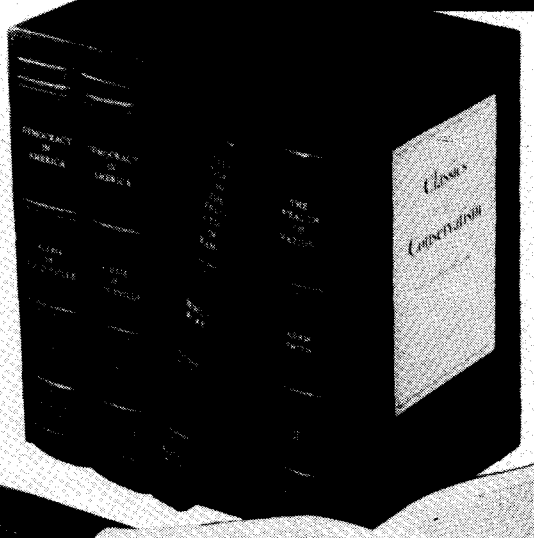

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Edmund Burke, too, is a man for our time: like us he lived in an age of revolution. He saw intellectuals of satanic arrogance itching to make mankind conform to their blueprints and contemptuous of every value that Western civilization stood for. And he saw what it would all lead to: lawless mobs screaming for blood. Burke shows us in *Reflections on the Revolution in France* why the one inevitably leads to the other – why the people we call Liberals make smooth the path to Auschwitz and Budapest... the Bay of Pigs... Berkeley... Watts.

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Special Report

Why 14(b) Wasn't Repealed

M. STANTON EVANS

Senator Everett Dirksen's victory in the struggle over Section 14(b) of the Taft-Hartley Act contains many glad portents for conservatives.

Retention of the clause permitting the several states to adopt right-to-work laws if they so choose was a triumph on several levels at once: for individual freedom of choice, for the reserved powers of the states, for the majority sentiment of the nation, and for the embattled legions of the American Right.

On paper, the repeal effort ought to have succeeded. It was urged by President Johnson, whose will is supposedly law. It was backed vehemently by Big Labor, the most potent and purposeful of all interest groups. Its fate was in the hands of an outsized army of Democrats many of whom owe their political well-being to Johnson and labor, respectively. Yet despite these theoretically perfect conditions, the repealer died a-borning. The reasons for that failure, which are several, supply important lessons for the future.

The repeal effort failed, first of all, because it deserved to fail. It was bad legislation, and the arguments for it marshaled by Big Labor were singularly unconvincing. Contrary to the representations of repeal advocates, right-to-work laws do not mean economic stagnation and low wages. The record in fact shows the spread of voluntary unionism has been accompanied by increased economic well-being for workers as well as by augmented freedom of choice.

In the decade 1953-63, states where voluntary unionism prevails enjoyed a 23.3 per cent increase in economic growth, compared to a 9 per cent increase elsewhere. In new jobs through manufacturing, the figures were plus 12.8 per cent for right-to-work states, compared to a 7.6 per cent drop in compulsory union states. In capital outlay, the figures were plus 37.1 per cent and plus 27.2 per cent respectively. In matters of worker compensation, the right-to-work states showed a 46.7 per cent increase in hourly wages, compared to 41.5 per cent elsewhere, and a 43.7 per cent rise in personal income, compared to 35.4 per cent in states where forced unionism is the rule.

It may be argued that this superior economic performance is owing to the fact that many right-to-work states are in the South and West, where industrial development is just beginning to hit its stride. That is obviously so, but does not alter the fact that the adoption of right-to-work laws has emphatically *not* meant economic stagnation. As industrial development agencies in these states will testify, "right-to-work" has been an important factor in evoking their surge toward affluence, helping them draw industry. This well-recognized fact has, indeed, been rather perversely cited by the friends of Big Labor as a reason for imposing compulsory unionism nationwide — to prevent right-to-work states from attracting industry from forced unionism states.

Why Oppose It?

If the right to work does not mean economic regression, what other reason is there for opposing it? The usual answer of the labor chieftains is that, because the union bargains for everybody, everybody should be forced to join the union. Workers who benefit from the union's performance as "exclusive bargaining agent" yet who refuse to join up are "free riders," and should be compelled to pay tribute.

On this presentation, one would imagine the job of "exclusive bargaining agent" was somehow forced on the union bosses against their will. The truth is otherwise. The provision of our labor laws which says labor unions officially certified as bargaining agents can negotiate for everybody, member and non-member alike, is not a burden thrust upon protesting labor leaders; it is a privilege and source of power which they greedily and insistently demanded. They simply did not want individual workers in a plant to be able to bargain for themselves. Now the unions make this initial act of coercion the pretext for another. The proper alternative, obviously, would be to let the "free riders" do their own bargaining. The labor panjandrums, however, prefer to multiply compulsions rather than to cancel them out.

That the arguments of the repeal forces were not particularly convincing is evidenced by the fact that the American public, by every available measure, was not particularly convinced. This was dramatically revealed in a survey taken by the Opinion Research Corp. of Princeton, N.J., which found an overwhelming majority of Americans favoring both right-to-work laws and retention of 14(b). In a nationwide sample encompassing more than 2,000 people in all walks of life, Opinion Research found 64 per cent of those questioned believed 14(b) should be retained, and that a majority favored voluntary unionism as such. Equally interesting, among those who did not back right-to-work laws, there was a strong feeling that the question should be left to the individual states.

Findings from the survey include the following:

"By a 2½ to 1 ratio—including support from 35 per cent of union members—the American people prefer that Congress should pass a law making all union membership voluntary rather than compulsory.

"By a better than 2 to 1 ratio, the American people reject the unions' 'free rider' argument, believing that even though a worker might benefit from the union he should be allowed to decide for himself whether or not to join.

"By a better than 3 to 1 ratio the American people believe that companies should not be permitted to fire workers who refuse to join the union.

"By a 3 to 1 ratio the American people believe that the states should be allowed to decide the right-to-work issue themselves . . .

"By almost a 2 to 1 ratio, the American people favor an open shop (voluntary unionism) rather than a union shop (compulsory unionism) . . ."

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Further measures of public sentiment were the heavy congressional mail opposing repeal and the fact that almost all American newspapers, including many Liberal-to-"moderate" journals in the East, came out against revocation. It was apparent that nobody was in favor of repealing 14(b) except the union bosses.

When the repeal effort came before the Senate last month, union-boss backing was not an asset. Dirksen's first filibuster succeeded towards the close of '65, many commentators reasoned, because end-of-the-session fatigue had contributed to the outcome. In last month's effort, the time factor, although present, was less crucial, and the result for the most part was a test of how far the U.S. Senate was willing to go in seconding the tyrannical aspirations of the labor moguls. In election year 1966, that turned out to be not very far at all.

Contributing to this reluctance was the untoward spectacle of the New York transit strike, in which the late Michael Quill demonstrated that Big Labor is now thoroughly capable of crippling the nation. What Quill did to New York could at any time be repeated by other union bosses like Walter Reuther and Jimmy Hoffa. The transit strike put before the nation the question of whether we wanted such people to have still more money in their coffers, still more men under their control, and still more influence over our lives and livelihood.

Senator Dirksen's strategy, given these circumstances, was superb. He correctly measured his assets and liabilities, and took the proper course to make the former prevail. In so doing, he had wide backing from Republican senators, substantial help from Southern and Western Democrats, and his own stature as a respected parliamentarian entitled to key prerogatives in determining the order of debate. He in addition had the benefit of a widespread and effective public relations campaign by the National Right to Work Committee—one of the few conservative groups which know how to match the Liberals stride for stride—and the dedicated assistance of Republican Senator Strom Thurmond of South Carolina, who served as liaison with the Southern Democrats.

Dirksen was further aided by the extremely bad strategic moves of his opposition. Some of these were substantive, as in the case of the labor chieftain who threatened senators failing to vote repeal with baleful auguries of extermination. Others were procedural, as in the decision to make the repeal drive the last order of business in 1965, when members were chafing to get home, and the first order of business in 1966, when matters like the Vietnamese war and Johnson's elephantine budget were waiting in the wings. Both decisions tended to maximize the effectiveness of the filibuster tactic.

Not to be omitted in any tabulation of Dirksen assets was the rather pro-forma nature of President Johnson's interest in repeal. There was no evidence that Johnson went down

the line on this one beyond some laconic utterances on state occasions, and every indication he sensed the mood of the country and decided to let matters take their course. Many Democratic senators up for re-election were thus mercifully exempt from Presidential pressure, and took the easy way out by refusing to vote cloture. In both instances, the Dirksen forces not only prevented repeal backers from garnering the needed two-thirds vote to halt a filibuster, but actually mustered up a majority of the Democratic-controlled Senate.

The lessons emerging from Dirksen's victory seem to be essentially two.

First, that the alleged homogenization of American opinion into a mere grasping collectivism has not been so thorough as the Liberals, and some despairing conservatives, have assumed. When the conservative position is presented with intelligence and force, it is capable of scoring points with the American public. Perhaps more to the purpose, 14(b) demonstrated a latent national concern over the waxing arrogance of men vested with too much power, and by focusing on a specific, comprehensible point brought America's libertarian tendencies once more to the surface.

This is not to say other libertarian causes are assured of similar support in the future. It is to suggest that by concentrating on a particular matter with careful attention to the virtues of an attractive rhetoric, conservatives can accomplish a great deal more than has been hitherto believed.

Second, the survival of 14(b) points an important moral about the Republican Party. A year or so ago, the GOP was very much caught up with the idea of countering every Democratic program for government action with a Republican program for government action. This was, we were told, the only "constructive" course, anything else being "negative" and unpopular with the voters. Various Republicans, instead of ventilating the injustice of Democratic schemes like Medicare, took to promoting their own Medicare programs and let the criticism go. The results were disastrous. Democratic programs sailed through to easy victories, and the Republicans were left, by virtue of their own failure to take the matter to the people, without an issue. They had suffered severe legislative defeats and were no more popular than before.

In the case of 14(b), the tack was entirely different. Dirksen did not counter the Administration's effort to repeal 14(b) with his own "constructive" program for repealing 14(b), or with some other method of augmenting the labor unions' power. He simply said he was against repeal, because he was for individual freedom, and that he would fight the proposal with every resource at his command. Had he followed the course of assertedly "constructive" Republicanism, the 14(b) issue would have been decided forthwith—in favor of the labor bosses. By the elementary act of resisting, Dirksen provided an occasion for the display of national sentiment in favor of voluntary unionism. And the GOP emerged with both the victory and the issue.

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The Dollar Seen from Geneva

In an essay prepared only days before his death, the world-famous economist described how the U.S. monetary sickness looks to a classic European

WILHELM ROEPKE

Americans seem to have no idea of the bitterness with which informed opinion in Europe judges the American monetary policy of the last ten years; no idea of the disillusionment which it inspires in us. Thinking that our views are tainted with anti-Americanism, they tend to defend their policies merely as a reflex of national pride. The fact that a man like General de Gaulle, backed by one of the foremost monetary authorities of our time, Jacques Rueff (who has done for France what Einaudi did in Italy and Erhard and Vocke in Germany, i.e. restored economic order and sound currencies), has joined the European critics of American policy is hardly apt to disarm our American partners in such polemics.

Not enough has been said of this aspect of the dollar problem. One of its worst features is that it gives rise to such quarrels. Whenever an institution or policy brings the "geography of knowledge" into play, there is a strong prima facie case against that institution or policy.

To most Americans it must come as a shock to hear that we have the most serious grievances against the present international monetary system and therefore, since the dollar is its keystone, against the American monetary policies of the last decade. We hesitate to be quite frank about it for fear of appearing ungrateful for past American help and for fear of adding fuel to rampant anti-Americanism.

An international monetary order which is not a mockery must answer two vital conditions; to be ideal it would also fulfill a third condition. The vital conditions are 1) free convertibility (to be defined by the absence of exchange control) and 2) a mechanism or a reliable habit which sees to it that disturbances in the external economic equilibrium of the individual countries (deficits or surpluses of their balance of payments) are kept within tolerable limits and corrected. The third condition (not vital, but highly desirable) is that this be attained together with stable exchange rates—though at the same time I must add that stable exchange rates are detrimental if the two vital conditions are not first fulfilled.

No amount of mockery at the gold standard can do away with the unshakable fact that this has been an international monetary system under which all three conditions—the two vital ones and the one desirable one—had been fulfilled and that, so far, all efforts to find another international monetary system which does the same have been in vain and, in all likelihood, are condemned to be perpetually in vain. The gold standard—and it is simply unscientific to ignore or to contest this—has been up until now the only international monetary order the world has known. It is up to the adversaries of the gold standard to prove that another one is feasible.

'Imported Inflation'

Instead of a genuine monetary order we have restored, in the developed industrial countries at least, the minimum of convertibility required by a system of reasonably free and multilateral exchanges of commodities and services (though, by no means, of international capital movements) but not a system of keeping disequilibria of balances of payments within narrow limits and of removing them quickly. In consequence, we have enormous and tenacious deficits of the balances of payments of some countries to which must correspond equally enormous and tenacious surpluses of the other countries. That means, however, that the deficits of the first countries engendering surpluses in the latter countries have become the sources of inflation in these surplus-countries, because here the surpluses of the balances of payments are changed into additional national currency. That is the shortest possible description of what I proposed calling "imported inflation" almost ten years ago. In this way, our present international monetary system—which, I repeat, does not deserve the name of "order"—amounts to what one of the most prominent European experts, Dr. M. W. Holtrop, Governor of the Dutch Central Bank and President of the Basle Bank for International Settlements, has stigmatized as an "international machinery to produce inflation."

The "creeping inflation" of our glorious age has, to be sure, various sources, but there can be little doubt that, in the average of the last decade, the principal and initial kind of inflation in countries like Germany, Switzerland, the Netherlands, Belgium, France and Italy (until about 1962 and the unhappy *apertura a sinistra*) has been the "imported inflation," i.e. an inflationary push communicated from abroad by the "monetizing" of the constant surpluses of the balances of payments of these countries. Communicated by what countries? Naturally by those which have been producing continuous deficits in their balances of payments. The principal country of this kind, however, has been the United States. Consequently, the main source of international inflation throughout the last ten years has been the huge and chronic American deficits of the balance of payments which have been showing up either in a constant outflow of gold or in continuous increases of foreign holdings of dollars and bank balances.

Now the salient point is that this has happened because the United

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States is unique in combining two characteristics: 1) because the dollar is the main reserve currency of the present international monetary system, the United States is the real World Banker, and 2) the U.S. has failed to live up to the responsibility which this position as the World Banker implies by indulging in economic, monetary, social and fiscal policies likely to produce billions of deficits in the balance of payments and thus to spread an inflationary infection over the whole world.

By and large and neglecting Great Britain, we may say that the U.S. is able to go on year after year producing enormous balance of payments deficits and indulging in constant monetary expansion without worrying much about the consequences of all this. It is the present world payments system which takes care of these worries by blessing the countries observing a higher degree of monetary discipline with surpluses of the balances of payments and consequent inflation.

There is no denying that the United States as the main reserve currency country enjoys an exceptional position. That it is, indeed, a privileged position becomes clear when we compare it with that of a country like Italy. For reasons not too dissimilar from those working in the United States, Italy became some years ago a country of large and stubborn deficits of her balance of payments. But the lira is not, like the dollar, a reserve currency. In contrast to the United States, therefore, the Italian Government could not rely on the rest of the world to relieve it of the trouble of restoring the balance of payments by accepting lira instead of gold and by making all sorts of credit arrangements to bail it out. Consequently, Italy had only the choice between a devaluation of the lira (not advisable for various reasons) and a policy of restraining the internal creation of money. She had to swallow the classical medicine which Keynes had so strongly recommended in the last public utterance of his life. It was a bitter draught by which she had to atone for the previous sins of excessive creation of money by public deficits and reckless wage increases.

Everybody will be familiar with the standard arguments offered in order to make the American deficits of the balance of payments appear as something special which cannot be compared with all other cases which follow the pattern of Italy. But it is almost tedious to refute them once more, and I wonder how many really believe in them any more, at least outside of the United States.

We are told that the dollar problem has nothing to do with an international monetary overpressure since the trouble is with the American balance of capital movements, not with the American balance of trade and services. Similarly, it is constantly denied that such a monetary cause is working in the American case since there is relatively little in-

flation in the United States in the shape of noticeable price and cost rises. And so forth.

There is a convincing answer to each one of these arguments, but it is not possible to go thoroughly into these questions in the present context. May it suffice to say that solid theory and ample experience prove that it is the function of the balance of trade and services to balance the capital movements of a country and that, if that is not so, something seems to be fundamentally wrong with the balance of payments, meaning in the American case that the surpluses of the balance of trade and services are evidently insufficient to offset the deficits of the capital balance. They are insufficient because there is monetary overpressure in the country which makes imports too large and exports too small. At the same time it is the absence of a stringent credit policy which, while perpetuating the monetary overpressure, tends to make the deficits of the capital balance greater than necessary.

The privileged position of the dollar enabled the American Government, in contrast to that of Italy or of France, to do nothing really efficacious to combat the balance of payments deficits by removing its causes. A very strong temptation which any government will find it difficult to resist. In fact, the American Government did not resist it; it actually has done nothing about its balance of payments problem that might serve to remove its causes. It has been relying on the inflation exported from the United States into the surplus countries to restore international equilibrium at the other end. Responsible Americans have been even cynical enough to admit it and to encourage inflation in those other countries while expressing displeasure when they tried to combat it by more stringent credit policies and rising discount rates.

Now there is a special reason why the United States did so thoroughly succumb to the temptation offered to them by the present world monetary system, sometimes called the Gold Exchange Standard. In theory, it is conceivable that such a system does not become an "international machinery of inflation" because it is not logically cogent that the reserve currency country actually makes use of its privileged position. But privileges are rarely left unused. Moreover, in the case of the United States (as in that of Great Britain) it is our common misfortune that, on top of everything else, their monetary policy is in the hands of men of strongly post-Keynesian and therefore decidedly expansionist ideologies. The trouble, in other words, is that the Gold Exchange Standard today is working under the worst possible conditions. The two countries which are its pillars (one of them being a quite minor one), the United States and Great Britain, are precisely those where a sort of archaic Keynesianism is endemic. We have a Gold Exchange Standard plus Heller, Ackley, Thomas Balogh *e tutti quanti*. By a sort of vicious circle, it is the privileged position of these world strongholds of unreformed Keynesianism which in turn makes it so tempting

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to cling to it because its inflationary effects are being exported. We, the people in the European surplus countries, are paying for it.

It is unlikely that the United States could get away with such a policy of flouting the balance of payments problem and of deliberately keeping its causes in force. The world will react by a growing distrust of the dollar as a monetary reserve and, despite growing American counterpressure, tend to insist more and more on being paid in gold. No ridiculing or theorizing will change this *auri sacra fames*. What can the United States do in response? It will join the advocates of the creation of some international substitute for gold which would relieve the pressure of the American gold reserves. That is what the present cry for more "international liquidity" amounts to. It means nothing else than the desire to keep the "international machine of inflation" going in spite of everything and to escape the necessity of returning to monetary discipline. There was another thing, however, which the United States was always tempted to do. It might try what some other countries in a similar plight have tried, the classical example being Nazi Germany in the late thirties. It might turn to the fatal course of repressing inflation instead of removing its causes.

That is precisely what the Johnson Administration has been doing, after some beginning made earlier under Kennedy. What this American "repressed inflation" amounts to is the attempt on the part of the government to put counter-pressure to the increasing inflationary pressure and thus, after having allowed the latter to happen and being loath to stop it, to forbid its economic consequences by exchange control and the control of prices and, to some extent, of wages, whether by legal force or by politico-moral pressure. The American government is actually mounting the beginnings of *Zwangswirtschaft* (coercive economy) which, in principle, resembles disquietingly the former German model. We must not, of course, exaggerate this parallel; there are differences of degree and of the means employed. The further difference is that, in the German model of 30 years ago (to which Keynes, by the way, had paid tribute at that time in the preface to the German translation of his *magnum opus*), wages were kept under the strictest possible control so as to prevent any cost inflation.

There is not the slightest doubt that this return to repressed inflation is a most dangerous course. It is no permanent substitute for a policy which restores the equilibrium of the balance of payments by removing the causes of its deficits, i.e. by restricting the creation of money and credit. If these causes are allowed to continue to work, the system of repressed inflation will have to be reinforced gradually. That means, however, that the free economic order of the leading country of the West will give way more and more to collectivism, and to coercion, its indispensable prerequisite. It means further that it will undermine world confidence in a world banker who has recourse to such discreditable measures. And so the vicious circle will go on—until it is understood by the responsible American authorities that there is only one remedy for the sick dollar: the return to monetary discipline.

What is the final lesson of all this? Undoubtedly this: that in the long run the privileged position given to the dollar by our present monetary system is of a very questionable benefit even for the United States. It makes it very difficult for the U.S. to resist the temptations involved in this privilege and thus to refuse a course which, first, embitters her friends abroad against her and finally endangers her own economic and social system in its foundations. We may conclude that the United States, in the last resort, has become like us all the victim of a wrong system of international payments. The first step in the right direction is to recognize this and see the dollar as we are bound to see it from Europe. With regard to international control of money it is true that all power tends to corrupt. It is a rotten system which implies such power.

"They've banned the bomb."

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National Currents

The Liberals' New Fundamentalism

PYRRHO

The phenomenology of Liberalism has been an engrossing subject for puzzled observers ever since the Movement became fashionable in the 1930s. Each serious student has a favored classification, and many of these have merit. Even the ADA criterion—all hard-core, card-carrying Liberals are members—is not definitive. Many non-Liberals have been smuggled, or strayed into that organization, and many Liberals have remained aloof.

I would propose a different approach to the problem for two reasons: 1) the Vietnam and Dominican issues have led to a heavy falling-out of pro-forma Liberals who were active in the movement because it seemed to be fashionable, or genteel; and 2) the Sino-Soviet dissidence, in which the Liberal line—USSR, Si!, Chinese People's Republic, No!—has been difficult to understand. In either case the pro-forma Liberal has failed to perceive the finer distinctions of the dialectic and he has been unable to persuade himself that he is doing good by being Liberal.

Can Conditioned Reflexes . . .

Pro-forma Liberals can grasp the implications of the solid Liberal line when the issues are sharply posed. They resist shifts in the balance of power; they refuse to embrace the Communist Party of the USSR; they do not indefinitely acquiesce in the deliberate exploitation of an underprivileged minority; they do not seek to extinguish the checks and balances of the constitutional system; and they do prefer a modicum of public order.

As affairs stand, it is becoming doubtful whether the Liberal goats can keep the sheep in order. Not long ago, a strayed sheep was cause for alarm—now a large part of the flock is beginning to drift away. Fashion is fickle, and the genteel community admits only gentility. The hard-core Liberals emerged, in the tough 1960s, from the undifferentiated mass of a fashionable, educated, and popular movement. The sheep now have begun to discern the path down which they have been led, and are now able to distinguish the definitive traits of the Liberal.

The term *fundamentalism* is chosen because of the context, and is not intended to indicate the classic fundamentalists, such as the Amish, Mennonites, or Dunkards. The classic fundamentalism was associated with the maintenance of a specific order, and American civilization can be proud to have permitted the survival of the plain people—conservative fundamentalists who had made a satisfactory adjustment to their environment and did not exhort or proselytize. The revolutionary fundamentalists are in sharp contrast—they are dedicated to disorder and are intolerant of any condition in which the members of society accept the rank and order which they have attained by their own efforts.

"The New Fundamentalists" are, in much the same degree as the French Existentialists, a product of urbanization. Urbanization has come quickly in the U.S. and it has washed a large population of "educated" persons onto the urban beaches who have been unable to discover an identity or a place in a highly fluid society, and who are unwilling to accept the conventional order that rests on competence and achievement. As "born equal(s)" who are seeking their birthright, the only role in political action and the only acceptable condition is *disorder*, the absence of rank, privilege, order, authority—and competition.

The bona fide Liberal is a bundle of contradictions. He is a pacifist, except when a revolutionary minority is armed and actively engaged in conflict—as in Vietnam or the Dominican Republic. He is against establishments, except the Liberal Establishment. He is in favor of popular representation, except where it is a force for public order. He is against any kind of representation based on geographic considerations, just as he is against productive exploitation of natural resources if it disturbs nesting birds or scars the surface of the earth. He is for unlimited immigration, and more particularly against any restraint on the movement of incompatible social groups into the community. He is in favor of civil disobedience, and against policemen and police "brutality"—the use of restraints against disorderly persons. He is against "imperialists," who seek to maintain order and communication in the world economy, just as he is in favor of nationalization of resources by fledgling states. He is against any contented minority group, as well as the affluent communities. He does not reflect—he reacts with the glottis reflex that is the center of the Liberal tradition and, because he learned it from his professors, the reflex is meaningful, valid, and ethical. About the only order he accepts is the discipline of conditioned reflexes, and the bureaucratic order engaged in salvific enterprise against various populations—at home and abroad.

. . . Be Reconditioned?

This hypothesis may not have merit. There are many phenomenologies of Liberalism. However, in the months ahead, there will be serious tests. The pluperfect Liberals were probably Hubert Humphrey (H^3) and the late Adlai Stevenson. Can LBJ reprogram these facilities of the Liberal Establishment? Can they learn that the passage of time has altered the values imprinted in their memory cores? Adlai had been partially reprogrammed—he made rational noises in public and Liberal noises in his subsurface system. Humphrey has the advantage of having lived in the Senate, a deliberative institution, and some of it may have rubbed off (but even this will pass if Joe Clark has his way). It seems certain that Humphrey will keep on a steady LBJ course—however that may twist and turn. The central question facing Liberals is whether Bobby Kennedy has seized the Liberal torch, can keep the sheep in the fold, and the old heroes of Liberalism under tight discipline.

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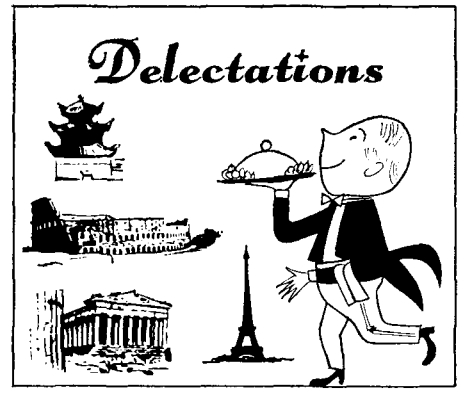
Why It Tastes Different Over There

NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON



Many Americans hold the optimistic and rather touching belief that anything that's good somewhere else will be just as good here, in the United States. This is not necessarily so; food, for example, simply does not taste the same. Thus the traveling gourmet, who's made a heck of a nuisance of himself separating European chefs from their recipes, and worked himself to a frazzle reproducing them in his kitchen with a zeal worthy of a longer-lasting cause, is heard to wail: "Why, oh why is this not what I ate on the banks of Lake Annecy or in Bologna? What did I do wrong?"

Chances are that he did nothing wrong, on the contrary. But the ingredients he had to work with, no matter how much money they cost, are not the same, and there is nothing anybody can do about that. The taste of food is determined by often very subtle differences, hidden ones, so let us begin at the beginning, with the water that is one of the basic ingredients of all foods. Mountain water from the Rockies, spring water in Sweden, reservoir water in Croton and Rhine water may all be water, but the flavor is different. Roman fountain water is a delight to drink, New York tap water horrid. Dublin beer is superlative, and so is the tea, because of the local water. With coffee, the water is less in evidence since the coffee flavor covers up a multitude of sins.

Direct food such as vegetables and fruits, and indirect food like meat and milk, are extremely influenced by the water that is in them. The earth, in its turn, is influenced by the weather, and American weather, with its extremes of temperature, is very different from the more moderate climates of Europe—which after all, is the mecca of good food. This is nowhere more evident than in the case of wine. You can transplant all the *pinot noir* and other grapes from Europe to California, and work the wine just the same—but you will invariably have a different wine from that of Burgundy. The strawberries grown in the lingering spring of England, the apples of Germany, the vegetables maturing in the temperate climates of France, are by nature more flavorful than those of our American continent; even the Pacific coast and Northwest, which do not have the excessive temperature changes of other regions, are much more excessive in drought or rain than their European counterparts, and our best stuff comes from there.

Aside from basic growing conditions, many food categories are quite different in Europe. Take butter. French butter, and Danish butter, which I think even better, are made from cream treated differently from ours; it is somewhat acidulated. Ours starts with sweet cream, and there are no limits to its water content. The water content affects the spreading consistency of butter, which in its turn affects the way it handles in things like Danish pastry or puff paste, which consist largely of butter. This more plastic foreign butter makes for a featherlight texture which you simply cannot achieve with our own butter, no matter how faithfully you reproduce a recipe. That's why Danish pastries are quite something else in Denmark than here.

The basic difference is even more pronounced in the flavor of meats. The best-tasting lamb in the world is the French *pré-salé*, and Norwegian lamb similarly fed on the grass of salt water farms, since this grass offsets the slight taste of tallow found in all sheep. The deliciousness of French and Italian veal is determined by the fact that the animals are really milk-fed, that is, that they have never grazed but only eaten their mama's milk, which gives their flesh its pale, almost white, fine-grained quality. American veal is ruddy-hued and coarse, since it comes from athletic teenagers that were left to gambol in the meadows or barns. Furthermore, the best European veal is never more than six weeks old—babies, never adolescents. Those delicious suckling pigs of Spain are infants no heavier than a couple of pounds (and better not seen hanging up in the butchers' shops if one has feelings about the slaughter of innocents). But they taste mighty good and delicate, and very different from the greasy ten-to-twelve-pound porkers that are used for roast whole pig in this country.

Cream and flour, ingredients of the great sauces, are also something else in Europe. The French *crème fraîche*, which is out of this world spooned over fruit, can be reproduced after a fashion—just barely—by combining our heavy cream with buttermilk or sour cream. But the result is different because first of all, our milks are all pasteurized and theirs are not, and secondly, because a naturally acidulated cream will thicken a dish whereas the reproduction will not. Thus the French cream is used as is to thicken a sauce, whereas we will have to add, horror of horrors, either a little flour, or, less horrible, more egg yolk. However, all this changes not only the consistency, but also the character of a sauce.

We also treat our foods differently. European agriculture is not as commercialized as ours when it comes to table produce, whereas we irrigate, fertilize and spray with abandon. And anybody who's ever eaten a fruit that was left alone to mature knows that there is no substitute for time, natural sunshine, wind and rain.

Cheese is another example of what happens when everything is made safe and standardized. American milk is pasteurized all over the country, which is wonderful because no

(Continued on p. 235)

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Urban Planning with Principles

New York's new mayor, Mr. John Lindsay, declares that he has a "national role": to fight for the restoration of America's cities. Well and good; but Mayor Lindsay's notion of urban salvation is to bully Washington into grandiose subsidies for megalopolis. He fears that the Federal Government will spend money on the war in Vietnam, instead of giving the cash to him.

Kirk

Now military defense happens to be a primary responsibility of the Federal Government; while the maintenance and improvement of our cities is supposed to be the responsibility of people like Mayor Lindsay.

I suspect that what our chaotic cities need is not a dole from the federal treasury, but urban planning with imagination and courage. Let me suggest, then, some general principles which our municipal authorities might find useful.

First, an imaginative urban plan must be adapted to the human scale. A city is not simply a collectivity; it is a vital continuity, composed of a great many distinct individuals, most of whom have no desire to become precisely like everybody else. Society is not a machine; on the contrary, it is a kind of spiritual corporation; and if treated as a machine, a people revolt, politically or personally.

Second, a good urban plan must nurture roots, not hack through them. Neighborhoods, all manner of voluntary associations, old landmarks —such elements make man feel at home, and bind together a community in what Gabriel Marcel calls "diffused gratitude." Therefore restoration and rehabilitation almost always are preferable to grand reconstitution—even when more expensive, which repair rarely is.

Third, a sound plan should appeal not to simple commercial instinct, but primarily to the sense of the common good. It will not do to despair, cynically, of public spirit. So far, most "urban renewal" projects have ignored or positively injured the people of modest means who had suffered most from the decay of the American city. Recently I spoke in Boston's new museum of science. From the highest floor of that handsome building, we looked across water at an area now covered by immense high-rise and high-rent apartments. "What happened to the people who lived there before 'renewal'?" one of my hosts, active in Jewish charities, said to me, rhetorically. "That wasn't a slum, by any means. But the people were dispossessed—and have been swept under the rug. Where are they now?"

Fourth, a commendable urban plan must be founded upon an understanding of the norms for humankind, what T.S. Eliot called "the permanent things." Thus the talented urban planner requires acquaintance with things poetic and philosophical. Among the deepest of human instincts is the longing for permanence and security of territory, "a place of one's own."

Fifth, a practical plan must be consonant with the customs, habits, and political institutions of the people who are to live with the plan. No planner, however ingenious, can make men content by stretching or chopping them upon a Procrustean bed of social innovation.

Urban Planners Unimaginative

Principles such as these have not been recognized in the "urban renewal" programs subsidized by the Federal Government. The imagination of the authors of such projects has not extended beyond bricks and mortar, except on rare occasions. In his book *The Federal Bulldozer,* Dr. Martin Anderson has described the consequences of such poverty of imagination.

Now another careful study of our "renewal" blunders—and possibilities —has appeared: *Renewing America's Cities,* by Thomas F. Johnson, James R. Morris, and Joseph G. Butts (Institute for Social Science Research, 1012 14th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.). Urban renewal, the authors point out, has been going on ever since cities came into existence: it is not, by nature, a function of central political authority. This work still can be done more efficiently, and more humanely, they conclude, by local resources and authority. Much can be accomplished, indeed, simply through the improvement of municipal "housekeeping" services, revision of property-tax assessments, and enforcement of zoning, building, and housing codes.

A good many of our abler city planners are contemptuous of most "urban renewal" projects accomplished so far—and they wish the public were aware that urban planning can be something far more satisfactory than the creation of "urban deserts" or the proliferation of high-rise apartments.

What our cities require, then, is not simply vast sums of money for fresh "projects," but rather imaginative planning, founded upon humane principles and upon local vigor. So it is difficult to approve of Mr. Lindsay's projected crusade for extracting more money from Washington. Our cities, after all, are rich. Who is supposed to subsidize them—Appalachia? Since the Federal Government cannot abandon its primary functions for the sake of a vastly grander "urban renewal," and since federal activity in this field already has done more mischief than good, we seem compelled to do our own improving of our own towns.

This prospect may frighten Mr. Lindsay; for thinking always is painful. But it might be possible to make our cities much better places to live, by acting with vigor *now,* locally; while if we wait for more congressional enactments, another layer of federal bureaucracy, and endless conferences, applications for grants, and the like—why, the patient may die as the doctors debate.

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In Defense of Power

M. STANTON EVANS

James MacGregor Burns' newest book offers us a historical description of the growth of Presidential authority, a dry-as-dust lecture on the organization of the White House and its attendant bureaucracy, and a plea in justification of the enormous waxing of Presidential power.

Those familiar with Burns' earlier discussion of "four-party politics" will not find much to surprise them in the first third of *Presidential Government*. Here again are the "Madisonian model" of the Presidency (extremely limited power—bad), Hamiltonian improvisation (enlarged power for "opportunistic" purposes—so-so) and the "Jeffersonian model" (unlimited power for noble purposes—wonderful). Here also are the subdivisions of the major parties into "presidential" (Liberal) and "congressional" (conservative) moieties, the assumption that only by being a Liberal can one hope to get elected President, and a reaffirmation of the view that a big strapping executive is just about the best possible thing that could have happened to American politics.

Burns' historical analysis is thus, to a large extent, a restatement of the argument previously set forward in *The Deadlock of Democracy*. It should nevertheless prove instructive to conservatives and Liberals alike, if only for the fact that it confirms, in full, two long-standing conservative allegations: that the Presidency has burst all bonds of constitutional restraint and totally transformed the American design; and that this result has been peculiarly a result of twentieth-century politics, rather than consistent descent.

If the first section of the book has some glimmer of interest, the second seems to this humble layman stupefyingly dull. Professor Burns is normally an engaging writer, but there is something about these textbook rambles on "the structure of Presidential decision-making," with their earnest disclosures of who reports to whom and how, which evokes the old plonking resonance of *Our Weekly Reader*. In any event, the main point of this section—that the President is strong enough, within certain limits, to lead his own subordinates, the Congress, and the nation around by the nose—is implicit in what has gone before.

What should have been the main substantive portion of Burns' book—the openly ideological chapters—also falls embarrassingly flat. The question which will occur to most readers as Burns traces the expansion of the Presidency is whether such a development is a good thing; whether, in fact, it is not a very dangerous thing. Burns tells us it is good, but hardly bothers to explain why. He is apparently so concerned to follow out all the household minutiae of executive interrelationships that, when it comes to determining whether the new leviathan ought to be welcome in our midst, his analytical powers fail and he topples exhausted into the barren safety of cliché.

Indeed, for one who can on occasion display an admirable talent for independent thought, Burns in strictly ideological matters is a disappointment. His conceptual reliance upon Liberalism is in all major points complete. He is willing to challenge a detail here and to make a passing distinction over there; but when it comes to the main business about centralizing power he is all orthodoxy with never a second thought. A diligent reading of *Presidential Government* discloses no particle of fundamental ideology which is not simply a replay of outworn Liberal platitudes, served up as luminous unchallenged axioms.

This tendency toward ideological routine betrays Burns' otherwise useful diagnostic scheme (similar to Willmoore Kendall's "two majorities"). He asserts that the "Presidential" segments of the major parties are simultaneously Liberal and capable of dominating party conventions, leaving their more conservative brethren the residual solace of committee chairmanships and other legislative baubles. But he passes with feather-light touch over the 1964 Republican battle in which the so-called "congressional" Republicans succeeded in dominating the Presidential convention, and skips with equal insouciance over the obvious presence of "Presidential" (Liberal) Republicans (not to mention Democrats) on Capitol Hill.

Liberals do favor exaltation of the Presidency, while conservatives oppose it; but to make those preferences, important though they be, the center of the American political dispute, and to dress them out as products of some inevitable tendency of the system, is to abort analysis by attempting too much. A like confusion darkens the question of whether a conservative can be elected President, which Burns by the nature of his definitions assumes to be impossible.

Presidential Government, by James MacGregor Burns. Houghton, $5.95

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At no point in his essay does he grapple with the argument that a union of the South and the Midwestern states could produce a conservative electoral college majority. That argument may of course be wrong, but Burns, by not even mentioning it, has given us no very solid reason to think so.

Even more critical are Burns' representations about the benefits of executive sprawl. The founders wanted to prevent leviathan government because they thought it would endanger freedom. Burns retorts that we now have such a government and that freedom has not been impoverished; indeed, he argues, freedom has been enormously widened. At which point one looks in vain for a sophisticated argument to demonstrate that the Founders were wrong. There is instead merely a rehash of vintage doubletalk, thus:

> The deadly dichotomy between liberty and equality, as defined, had been broken. A concept of American democracy had developed under which the two ideas were not only not incompatible but mutually fortifying . . . now Americans had the intellectual underpinning for a straightforward and unassailable rationale for the extension of governmental power and program. . . . No longer need they swallow the old doctrine that the more government—or, for that matter, the more big business or big labor—the less liberty. Everything depended on the extent to which institutional arrangements promoted relationships among persons and groups that maximized meaningful choice, with as little coercion as possible over spontaneity and creativity.

The argument that freedom is somehow extended "through" big government simply isn't true. Burns cites the matter of "civil rights" for Negroes in the South and questions of internal security—where leviathan has seen fit to extend greater liberties to specific classes as a matter of political interest or ideological rigor. But he manages to neglect several score other cases where liberty has manifestly been bruised and mangled.

In what way, for example, does the phenomenon of "managed news," replete with FBI agents calling on newsmen at three in the morning, suggest augmented civil liberties? Or the effort of the Federal Communications Commission to silence conservatives? Or the sustained assault by the tax department on conservative spokesmen while Liberals of similar stripe go unmolested? And what about the more than one million people ousted from their homes by the compulsory workings of "urban renewal"? What of the executive effort to impose compulsory unionism on the nation's working men; the controls clamped on American farmers, backed by executive efforts to wield authority through the menace of dumping surplus commodities; the blatant attempt of Presidents Kennedy and Johnson to browbeat the steel, copper, and aluminum industries into accepting price controls?

On such matters as these, Professor Burns is notably silent. Nor does he tell us very much about the expanded liberties of religious minorities like the Amish or the Christadelphians, harassed by the growth of compulsion, or of such variegated dissenters from "Presidential" orthodoxy as Otto Otepka, Don B. Reynolds, General Edwin Walker, Mary K. Jones, and Michel Struelens—all of whom have been kicked around by what Burns calls "the new concept of liberty." The unhappy truth is that the Founders were right, Professor Burns wrong: the growth of power does mean, all too clearly, the reduction of freedom.

Where the Theater Is

C. H. SIMONDS

NEW YORK may be a nice place to visit, but I wouldn't want to write theater criticism there. Robert Brustein can have it—me, I'll go tagging along with Tyrone Guthrie, to Ontario and Minneapolis and such, and we'll have ourselves a regular romp.

The two collections at hand clash mightily, and there is a Lesson somewhere in it all. One is a bouquet of miscellaneous piecelets by a boundingly enthusiastic participant in the Real Thing; the other is a relentless catalog of despisal, disappointment and despair roiling in the bosom of one grown glassy-eyed from reading too many programs in the dark. The Lesson probably has something to do with the flight of *good* theater from Manhattan to strange hinterlands wherein imagination and craftsmanship surprisingly thrive.

In Various Directions, by Tyrone Guthrie. Macmillan, $5.95

Seasons of Discontent, by Robert Brustein. Simon & Schuster, $5.95

First, Guthrie. What fun it all is for him, this theater game! The radical who brought Shakespeare to the wastes of Ontario, who dared establish a repertory company in Minneapolis and then did *Hamlet* with flashlights, who covers up the actors' sensitive human faces with ugly Greek masks—why, this towering terrible child is really just a pleasant sort of duffer doing what he happens to enjoy doing.

For openers, he paints a chatty "Self-Portrait," in which we learn that Guthrie stands almost six-feet-five, loves his work, and thinks that "it's impudence to set about uplifting and ennobling your fellow citizens." Having thus amiably introduced himself, he potters zestily about in 25 short pieces written between 1955 and 1963 (it would help, by the way, to know when and for whom they were done). Gathered here, they serve as a pleasant supplement to *A Life in the Theater*, and as a useful introduction to *A New Theater*.

Subjects range from showfolk-he-has-known through the current theater scene to some eternal verities of his own. The personal sketches are engaging; the commentaries on "Theater versus Television," "Theater and the University," "Theater in New York as Compared to London" and other ponderables offer the views—sound, in the main—of an earnest craftsman/artist more concerned with sharing an ennobling experience with his audience, than with *angst*, alienation, race, homosexuality and other cocktail sausages.

Occasional bits of rumination in the upper air are less satisfying: as, for example, the essay on "Theater as Ritual." Guthrie seems modestly

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sure of what theater is: a religious effort to relate to God through ritual. God, however, turns out to be just about anything-and-everything — so why bother? He is much more at home when putting the Method in its place with a benevolent pat on the head, or tucking away New York with wry regret: "I do not foresee that New York has much more to contribute to a lively theater. Showbiz has taken over. The new American theater will arise elsewhere, and not, in my opinion, in any of the larger centers."

Given that airy dismissal, one wonders why Brustein keeps whipping himself into such an elegant lather over the sad state of things theatrical in New York. It's a matter of distance, probably: Guthrie can breeze into town every season or so, do a show (which, Brustein always concedes, is lively if it's nothing else), and then pop back to the smaller centers where the real action is. Brustein, poor man, must sit there up front night after night, season after season.

If we accept his contention that "there is absolutely no reward at all to be had in writing about bad theater," then we must admire his dogged courage. *Seasons of Discontent* marshals his reviews, written for the *New Republic,* of over 75 plays—plus ancillary meditations on the general pity of it all. Taken at one gulp, so much criticism is difficult to digest; the book could have been pared to two-thirds of its present bulk without sacrificing the panoramic view of New York theater from 1959 to 1965 which it seeks to present.

Things begin so hopefully: the first piece in the book is Brustein's first review for the *New Republic.* Jack Gelber's *The Connection* is purely thrilling: ". . . probably not a 'good' play by any standard we now possess to judge such things; but it forms the basis for a brilliant theatrical occasion . . . it offers promise that the language of 'cool' might soon become a pulsing stage rhetoric similar to Odets' language of the blues. It may not be the healthiest sign for our culture that the only recent American play of honesty and imagination has issued from such alienated precincts. But when our commercial dramas genuflect before the cant, hypocrisy and prosperity of our society, we must take our truth from whatever quarter it comes."

Alas, from there on it's downhill virtually all the way for Brustein. As if cant, hypocrisy and prosperity weren't enough, he soon bemoans sleazy slickness, tawdry sentimentality, vapid artistic compromise and a host of other ills. New York theater, one comes to suspect, has kept going from inertia and nothing else.

Brustein is a good hater. He hates William Inge—"yet another example of Broadway's reluctance or inability to deal intelligently with the American world at large." He loathes Elia Kazan—whose botched *The Changeling* at Lincoln Center showed him "obviously willing to sacrifice everything—plot, character, theme, language, the sense of the past—for the sake of a few prurient giggles from the gallery." He detests Paddy Chay-

Random Notes

● Books and Non-Books: Crown has three items for hobbyists coming up—*Visting American Caves* by H. N. Sloane and R. H. Gurnee (May, $4.95); a new edition of Winterich's and Randall's *A Primer of Book Collecting* (June, $5) and *A Picasso Coloring Book,* by Joseph Foster, wherewith the amateur artist can make 25 hand-colored Picassos all by himself (February, $2.95). . . . Series: On newsstands or soon to be are the nine volumes of Bantam's "Gothic Novels" series. Books, at 60 cents apiece, are by Helen Upshaw, Norah Lofts, Dorothy Macardle and others (all female). All that shivers is not Gothic(k), ladies! . . . . The Fodor formula, which has helped travelers abroad for three decades, is applied to this country in the *Fodor Shell Guides to the USA*—done in cooperation with Shell Oil, and to be published by David McKay ($3.95 hardcover, $1.95 paper, for each of the eight). . . . John Day is reissuing nine Pearl Buck novels, for some reason. . . Camping Out: "Nostalgia Press," distributed by Crown, schedules for April two big-format reproductions of old Sunday comic strips—*Flash Gordon* and *Prince Valiant* ($2.95 each); also a picture history of yesteryear, *Nostalgia 1,* edited by Woody Gelman ($1.95).

● Animations: British firm of Halas & Batchelor will soon distribute a set of seven cartoon shorts under the collective title *Tales from Hoffnung*—to movie houses, and to TV through BBC. They're also readying a full-length cartoon version of *Ruddigore.* . . . Norman Juster's *The Line and the Dot,* noted here awhile back, is now in theaters. Robert Morley narrates the cartoon short created by MGM's animations division. In the works at MGM is Juster's *The Phantom Tollbooth,* to be done in a mixture of animation and live action.

● Movies: *You Only Live Twice* will get underway this July, in Japan. Lewis Gilbert directs. Meanwhile, shooting has started on *Casino Royale,* the only Fleming title not controlled by Saltzman/Broccoli. Peter Sellers is still in the cast, but maybe not as Bond after all; joining him are Ursula Andress and David Niven. Director is Joe McGrath; Wolf Mankowitz and Michael Sayers did the screenplay. And in London, Mrs. Fleming told an interviewer she's "very angry" because Kingsley Amis hasn't consulted with her on his plan to keep the Bond books coming. . . . Sherlock Holmes, Victoria's answer to Elizabeth's James, could come on strong. Sir Nigel Films Ltd., set up by the Doyle estate to exploit Holmes and other characters, will follow the recently released *Fog* with a film based on the "Brigadier Gerard" stories, for United Artists. Firm is committed to do *The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes* with Billy Wilder and Mirisch Corp.; has rights to do a screen version of *Baker Street.* Sir Nigel executives were in New York recently, exploring possibilities of an hour Holmes TV series. . . . Sign of Hope: that much-touted cameo role played by Pierre Salinger in *Do Not Disturb* wound up on the cutting-room floor.

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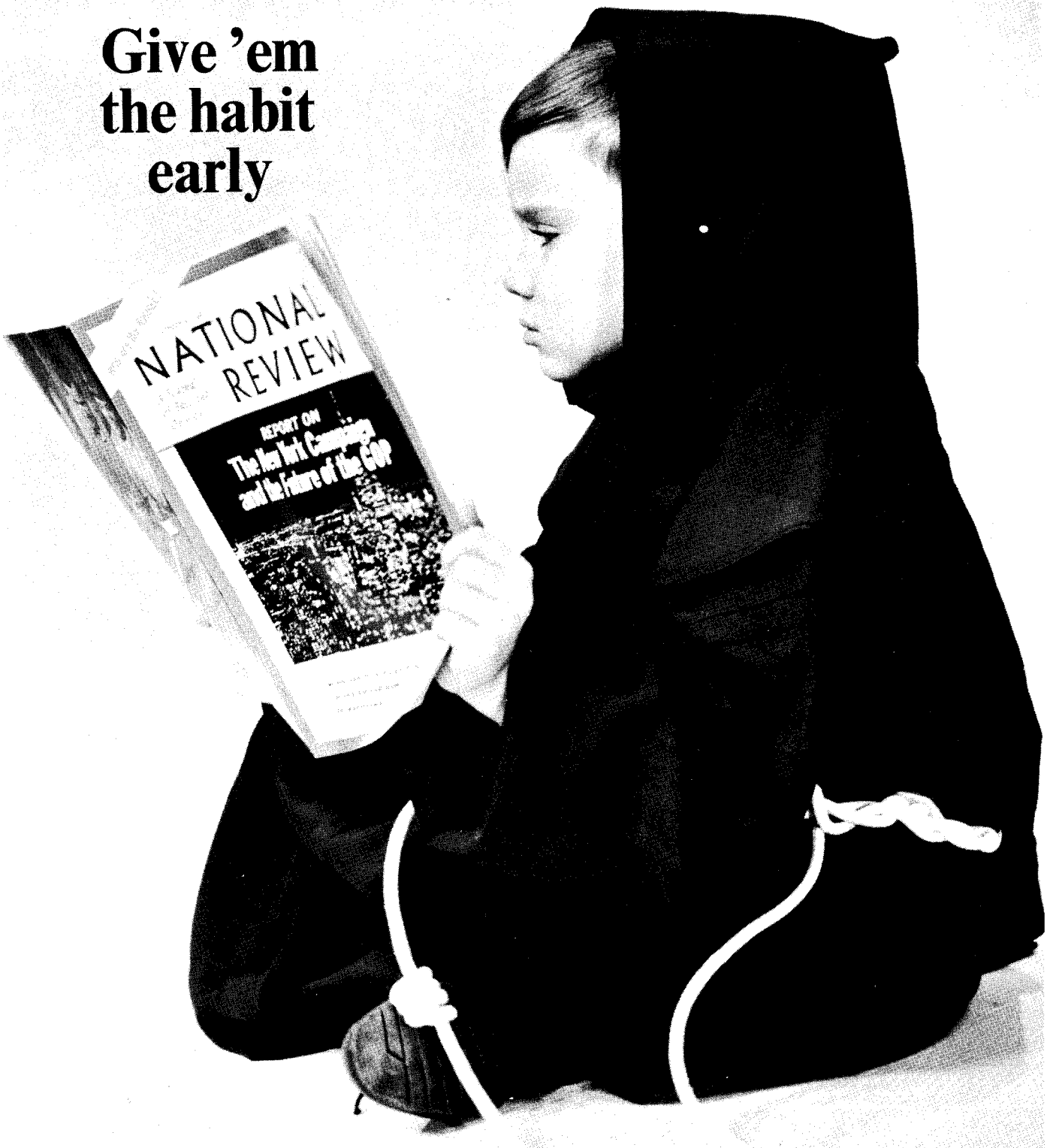

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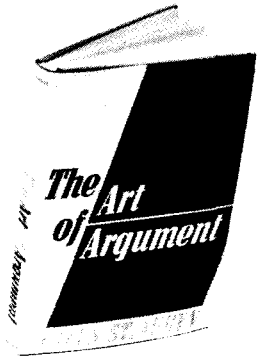

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efsky—"the Koheleth of Kitsch, the Benefactor of the Benefit Crowd, the Mahomet of Middle Seriousness." He has no more time for Tennessee Williams—"We shall never know, until an unauthorized biography appears, at what point Williams stopped trying to be an artist and settled down to becoming a corporation."

Indeed, about the only people or things Brustein actively likes are Zero Mostel, the Moiseyev troupe, and Traditional Theater (Traditional Theater is Ibsen, and they keep messing him up).

Between lies a wasteland of gut-gnawing disappointment: in Albee, in the ossification of the off-Broadway movement, in the failure of subsidized repertory at the Lincoln Center (which failure Brustein foresaw as early as 1960), in dozens of stuck-record playwriting careers, in just about everything.

At his best—enraged, but keeping his balance—he is delicious. But, often, it all gets to be too much, and he either fumes and fusses petulantly, or gives up in weary gloom: as when he dismisses *After the Fall* as "a three and one-half hour breach of taste" and then contents himself with proving that point over and over again. And there are so dismally few signs of hope—a Pirandello revival, *The Old Glory,* no more to speak of.

Having been in the process of dying for some thirty-odd years, Brustein submits, the spurious American theatrical tradition may now be said to be dead. What next? At one point, he says we must "unmassify the masses" — an advance admission of defeat. Elsewhere, after an attack on the nihilism of the Albee-Kopit-Jones crowd ("The decay of Western culture . . . is nowhere better exemplified than in the unwarranted favor this culture has lavished on LeRoi Jones"), he envisions a new theater arising either out of the hydrophobic expressions of the Negro Revolution, or out of the campy faggotry of the Sexual Revolution, or out of both, or perhaps neither.

But if, as I suspect, Brustein hopes for a lively, various, delightful and truly human theater, he'd best accept his own evidence and seek a smaller center.

Fictitious Novel

JOHN GREGORY DUNNE

"MASTERPIECE" is the word most commonly applied to Truman Capote's powerful and disturbing new book *In Cold Blood.* It is a judgment with which I am willing to go along, but only with a rigid definition of the word. We all know the story without reading it, as one cannot help but know the story of a book that has had the unremitting publicity of a 100,000-copy first printing, serialization in the *New Yorker,* $500,000 movie and paperback sales, a *Newsweek* cover story, a huge take-out in *Life* complete with photographs by Richard Avedon, and finally, an event which Mr. Capote can surely dine out on until his next publication day, the celebrated altercation in "21" between a water goblet, Mr. Capote's agent, and a Hollywood director who thought he should have been given the honor of bringing *In Cold Blood* to the screen.

In Cold Blood, by Truman Capote. Random House, $5.95

It is a chilling story. One night in November 1959, on the remorseless tablelands of fundamentalist western Kansas, "a lonesome area that other Kansans call 'out there'," two ex-convicts broke into the farmhouse of Herbert William Clutter, a former minor appointee of the Eisenhower Administration and Holcomb's most prominent citizen, and when they failed to find the safe they had come to rob, coldly with four shotgun blasts took the lives of Clutter (after first cutting his throat), his wife Bonnie, and their two youngest children, Nancy and Kenyon.

The bodies were scarcely cold when Mr. Capote arrived in Kansas to take the first of his subsequent 6,000 pages of notes, indexed and crossfiled. Bit by bit, he pieced together the last day enjoyed by the Clutter family. Herb Clutter did not smoke or drink, did not wish to associate with anyone who did, frowned on all non-Methodists, disapproved of buffet suppers that started at ten o'clock. His wife Bonnie was a wispy,

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pitiful neurotic, a victim of "little spells" who had been in and out of institutions for years. Daughter Nancy was a bulwark of the 4-H Club, the kind of all-around girl who was going to make some man a perfect helpmate (but not, if Herb Clutter had anything to say about it, her beau, Bobby Rupp, who was disqualified by virtue of being a Catholic); son Kenyon was a brooding fifteen-year-old, poor at sports, who kept to himself and was a fine amateur cabinet maker. In short, the Clutters were living American Gothic. And then they were not living.

It took the police six weeks to capture the two killers, and Mr. Capote six years to capture the relentless fate that drove Perry Smith and Dick Hickock first to murder and then to gibbet at Kansas State Penitentiary. In a way, they were as much in the American grain as the Clutters, and it is a tribute to Mr. Capote's genius that he has endowed them with a kind of sordid tragedy that is both unobtrusive and compellingly right. Hickock first, because he is the easiest. He was the eternal punk, the malcontent from way out in the suburbs of respectable poverty, chronically resentful that life had dealt him a bad hand, a petty criminal who had hung out his paper all over the Midwest.

And then his former colleague at Kansas State Prison, Perry Smith, the man who triggered the shotgun that brought life at Herbert Clutter's River Valley Farm to an end. He was a citizen of nightmare county. His body was stunted, he was constantly assaulted by punishing migrainous headaches, his family was tainted by suicide and other less final forms of disaffection. His mother was a promiscuous alcoholic Cherokee, who strangled to death on her own vomit, his brother and sister both suicides; his father, Tex John Smith, was a former rodeo bronc buster always grasping for a main chance ever beyond his reach. Passed from home to home, whipped by nuns in an orphanage because he was a bedwetter (the result of insides rotted by mush, Hershey kisses, and gallons of condensed milk fed him by his delinquent mother), half drowned in a tub of ice water in another orphanage by a sadistic Salvation Army nurse, Perry Smith was from birth On the Road as no Kerouac hero ever was. Finally, in prison on a burglary charge, he

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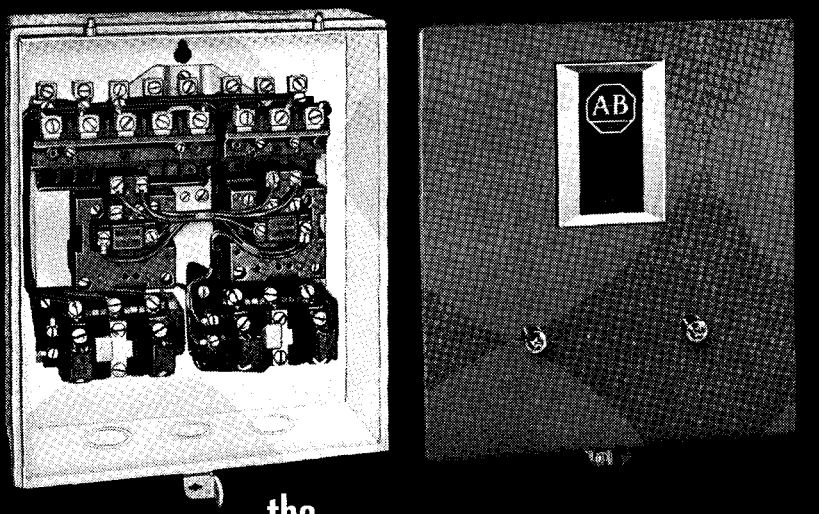

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LEADING CONTENDERS

National Book Awards

ON TUESDAY, MARCH 15, the five winners of 1966 National Book Awards will be announced in a presentation ceremony at Philharmonic Hall in New York. Meanwhile, these are among the books by American authors published in the United States in 1965 which the judges regard as among the most distinguished:

FICTION

PETER MATTHIESSEN / At Play in the Fields of the Lord / Random House
KATHERINE ANNE PORTER / The Collected Stories of Katherine Anne Porter / Harcourt, Brace and World
JAMES MERRILL / The (Diblos) Notebook / Atheneum
FLANNERY O'CONNOR / Everything That Rises Must Converge / Farrar, Straus and Giroux
JESSE HILL FORD / The Liberation of Lord Byron Jones / Atlantic-Little, Brown
HARRY PETRAKIS / Pericles on 31st Street / Quadrangle Books

Judges: Paul Horgan, J. F. Powers, Glenway Wescott

ARTS AND LETTERS

LIONEL TRILLING / Beyond Culture / The Viking Press
RENÉ WELLEK / A History of Modern Criticism / Yale University Press
PHILIP RAHV / The Myth and the Powerhouse / Farrar, Straus and Giroux
JANET FLANNER (GENET) / Paris Journal 1944-1965 / Atheneum
ALFRED KAZIN / Starting Out in the Thirties / Atlantic-Little, Brown
R. W. B. LEWIS / Trials of the Word / Yale University Press

Judges: Francis Fergusson, Walter Kerr, Norman Holmes Pearson

SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

EDGAR Z. FRIEDENBERG / Coming of Age in America / Random House
CHARLES FRANKEL / The Love of Anxiety / Harper and Row
ALICE KIMBALL SMITH / A Peril and a Hope / University of Chicago Press
BENTLEY GLASS / Science and Ethical Values / University of North Carolina Press

Judges: John Kenneth Galbraith, Ernest Nagel, James R. Newman

POETRY

W. H. AUDEN / About the House / Random House
JAMES DICKEY / Buckdancer's Choice / Wesleyan University Press
RANDALL JARRELL / The Lost World / The Macmillan Company
IRVING FELDMAN / The Pripet Marshes / The Viking Press
ELIZABETH BISHOP / Questions of Travel / Farrar, Straus and Giroux
RICHARD EBERHART / Selected Poems / New Directions
LOUIS SIMPSON / Selected Poems / Harcourt, Brace and World

Judges: Ben Belitt, Phyllis McGinley, Elder Olson

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

IRVING BRANT / The Bill of Rights / The Bobbs-Merrill Co.
EDWARD CHASE KIRKLAND / Charles Francis Adams, Jr. / Harvard University Press
ROBERT SHAPLEN / The Lost Revolution / Harper and Row
THEODORE H. WHITE / The Making of the President 1964 / Atheneum
RICHARD B. MORRIS / The Peacemakers / Harper and Row
ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR. / A Thousand Days / Houghton Mifflin and Co.

Judges: Julian P. Boyd, Lyman Butterfield, Louis Fischer

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crossed paths with Dick Hickock, and after parole, on a tip that riches were to be had at Herb Clutter's, they set out for River Valley Farm.

Patiently, Mr. Capote has retraced the odyssey of Smith and Hickock after the murders: Mexico, Florida, the high desert, a trail of bad checks, cheap hotels, and sexual fantasies. Some of the scenes are indelible: Dick Hickock deliberately driving a car over a stray dog because he liked to hear the *splat* under the wheels; Perry Smith watching Hickock in bed in a Mexico City hotel room with a bored whore named Inez whom he had promised to marry and who smoked a cigarette throughout; a homosexual German lawyer keeping them in change in Acapulco. Chance and the inevitable magnet that draws a criminal back to familiar territory led to their capture and incarceration, through appeal after appeal, in the grotesque netherworld of the Kansas Death House. "I thought he was a very nice man," Perry Smith said of Herbert Clutter after it was all over. "Soft-spoken. I thought so right up to the moment I cut his throat."

THERE IT IS, superb reportage, on these terms, a masterpiece. But Mr. Capote does not wish to be judged as a journalist. He has created what he calls a "non-fiction novel," and more than that, a "new art form." It is here that I begin to quibble.

To begin with, it is somewhat disingenuous for Mr. Capote to claim that his is a "new" art form: to cite only one example, Lillian Ross' *Picture* was a non-fiction novel. Even more to the point, the journalist, no matter how great his talent or novelistic insight, is denied the novelist's most important tool, imagination. The facts are there; he cannot rearrange them to make a point. If motivation is supplied, the journalist can never be sure it is accurate, as the novelist can with characters he has created. No matter how open the subject, there are barriers beyond which the writer of non-fiction cannot penetrate. However close they become to a journalist, real people, even when lulled into confidences, still tell little more than they want the writer to know, which places a severe limitation on the availability of truth. This is, of course, less true of most people in Kansas than it is of personalities who are motivated by

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an urge to be known and/or loved. Yet even with the guileless, as an event begins to fade and the journalist returns again and again to check some obscure fact, the incident becomes in the teller's mind what he is telling you it is. Thus in *In Cold Blood,* there is a unanimity of opinion among the people of Holcomb that the Clutters were what every family aspired to be. This despite the common knowledge that Bonnie Clutter was hopelessly unstable and the unacknowledged implication that death lent to Herbert Clutter a sympathy that he did not in life seem to merit.

Unlike the novelist, with his license to explore the unknown, the writer of non-fiction is proscribed by the laws of libel, which act like a giant "Detour" sign, forcing the writer into the path of equivocation. Every writer knows the experience. Just last summer, I sweated out the possibility of a libel action for intimating something in a piece that I knew to be true. When writing about a subject who is a homosexual, a fact usually pertinent to the understanding of character, the writer must resort to such devices as describing the decor of his apartment. But when a writer is forced into this kind of hedging, the result can be, unless he is careful, either snide or sniggering. And if he is careful, he is in danger of catering to the "in" people, while creating a vast *non sequitur* for the rest of his audience.

How then can Mr. Capote claim unlimited possibilities for a form which has so many limitations, limitations which would not have bound him had he been writing fiction? Given the free rein of the novelist's imagination, Mr. Capote might have dealt with some of the unanswered questions in *In Cold Blood.* Why was Bonnie Clutter so neurotic? What kind of psychopathology existed between the killers and the killed? Were Perry Smith and Dick Hickock homosexuals? Mr. Capote never says, but the implication is strongly there.

And so, as a journalist, Mr. Capote richly deserves the honors he has received. But as the precursor of a new art form, *In Cold Blood* is something else again.

Movies in Brief

RICHARD HODGENS

THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD. A good likeness of the book. The adaptation is ideal: Paul Dehn and Guy Trosper have made expert compressions and clever additions, and they even tried to plug up the hole at the end of Le Carré's plot. The casting is most fortunate: Richard Burton as the spy, Claire Bloom as the girl and all the others seem acceptable the moment they appear, as well as persuasive thereafter. Oswald Morris's camerawork is never too glossy or fancy, Sol Kaplan's music is unobtrusive and effective, and producer Martin Ritt's direction is properly literal without being dull, except in the big tribunal scene. Obviously, Ritt and company approached their work with respectful seriousness. Perhaps the main reason was a desire to exhibit unmistakably what the book-jacket called "high political import," meaning Liberal sensibility. ("Communism, Capitalism—it's the *innocents* who get slaughtered!") But this does not ruin the story. *TSWCIFTC* will not endure like *The Prisoner of Zenda,* of course, but it will do very well for the present.

SANDRA. "These shadows . . . this sifting of the ashes of a dead past . . . these doubts!"—as a subtitle puts it; it is all shadows, sifting and doubts. At an unhappy family reunion of sorts, in a gloomy palazzo in Voltera, Sandra (Claudia Cardinale) and Gianni (Jean Sorel) find themselves playing Electra and Orestes, sort of. But times and dramaturgy change. All that finally happens here is that the Orestes attempts incest but only succeeds, with his Electra's encouragement, at suicide. The Electra has apparently shrugged off the whole provincial mess at last, and intends to go to New York. Director Luchino Visconti creates beautiful, romantic images that would have gone well with a plot, but the script he helped concoct appears to be no more than an idea from the Greeks,

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another idea from John Ford, and another from Jean Cocteau.

OUR MAN FLINT. A grueling burlesque of Bond, as if *Thunderball* were not bad enough. Flint (James Coburn, who makes a gruesome superman) is reluctant to join ZOWIE's struggle with Galaxy, but becomes personally involved, infiltrates a secret, volcanic island, converts a villainess in the usual way, dismantles the Machine, foils the sinister Doctors Wu, Krupov and Schneider, and escapes with his harem as it ends like *The Last Days of Pompeii*. All in fun, they keep telling us. But why so bloody, then? The direction is credited, as they say, to Daniel Mann. Hard-sold as Pop Art, *Flint* is packing them in at $2.75 a head, and there will be sequels. Such fun can not go on forever, though, I hope.

THE TENTH VICTIM. Science fiction fans get numb at the movies. *The Tenth Victim* will not help. Although it depicts a time in the next century when legalized killing is a worldwide sport, it looks as if another sport must be the careful re-creation of the looks of 1965—all Pop, Op, and other antiquities. The film does not take itself seriously as satire, either. After shooting a man with her bra—an act designed to numb the audience into believing anything, anyway—Ursula Andress hunts Marcello Mastroianni. She entices him to the Temple of Venus, where she hopes to shoot him. He suggests a quiet villa, where he plans to feed her to a crocodile. The outcome is pleasant. Miss Andress is supposed to be American, incidentally, and portions of the film are in English bad enough to be called anti-American. I suspect that director Elio Petri did better with the Italian, but the score is also irritating. His work looks better than it sounds, however.

KING AND COUNTRY. In the Great War, an English deserter of feeble mind is tried, convicted and executed by callous officers, while his brutal buddies try, convict and execute a rat, all in a leaky ruin full of mud during a heavy rain. The case is interesting enough, and the film might be unbearable if it were believable, but despite excellent acting (principally by Tom Courtenay as the defendant and Dirk Bogarde as the defense) it is singularly unmoving, unless one worries about the rat. Director Joseph Losey protests too much, with much curious detail; he seems to have worked on the assumption that audiences are most deeply moved by their stomachs.

ITALIANO BRAVA GENTE. A Russian-Italian-American war movie to end all war, apparently designed to demonstrate beyond all doubt that if peoples only *knew* peoples (and only Fascists need be excluded) these things could not happen. This particular thing is the Axis invasion of Russia in 1942. Six writers have conveyed the message in a 140-minute series of poignant confrontations, unlikely gestures, heavy ironies and big death-scenes for a large cast of guest victims. The victims are Arthur Kennedy and Peter Falk. Falk, one of the innumerable nice Italians, is machine-gunned by the Germans. Kennedy, a rare, real Fascist, is beaten to death by his own countrymen. Italians often make nice directors, but Giuseppe de Santis's work here is inevitably uneven. No sooner are you used to his old neo-realism than he turns to grand opera, and then turns back again.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

A CRITIQUE OF PURE TOLERANCE, by Robert P. Wolff, Barrington Moore Jr., and Herbert Marcuse (Beacon Press, $2.45). Professors Wolff, Moore, and Marcuse—three men of profound tolerance and preternatural ostentation—used to meet regularly in and around the Cambridge academic community to muse upon such interesting problems as "meta-tolerance and democratic pluralism," "tolerance and the scientific outlook," "tolerance in our advanced industrial society," and many other enduring topics. Since they were all very tolerant—an absolute necessity, since one of them was an analytical philosopher who hated Hegel, another was a Hegelian who hated the analytical tradition, and still another was a sociologist who, according to the authors, "regarded all philosophy as absurd and dangerous"—they managed to get on well enough to turn out a book together. The book was to be both transcendental and empirical, and, I might add, pretentious, since they decided to call it (with effusive apologies to Kant) *A Critique of Pure Tolerance*. Some bigoted critics will undoubtedly attack this book as being silly and obnoxious; they will accuse the authors of delivering unto the world of scholarship a compendium of unmitigated goo-goo, intellectual euphoria, and philosophical masturbation. The authors, being tolerant men, will ignore these flatulent apostles of prejudice and will solace themselves in the great praise they are likely to get on the centerfold of New York's leading review of books. I must tolerantly conclude by complimenting the Beacon Press on its excellent job of binding and layout.

P. P. WITONSKI

THE POSITIVE THINKERS, by Donald Meyer (Doubleday, $4.95). This is a series of wry, learned essays: roughly chronological, but constantly overlapping each other (so that the picture is a bit blurred,

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like Sunday funnies where each color edges off in another direction); always prickly and rewarding. Meyer sees "positive thinking" as an attempt to bolster, by rite and pseudo-religious exercises, the *mystique* of success, whose underpinnings (in the Protestant theology of predestination) have been eroded over the last hundred years. He distinguishes two main stages. The first was a movement of protest at the limits the nineteenth century put upon ambition; it was feminist, confident, aggressive, and it invented "mind cure" (reaching its best expression in the prim lady Moses, Mrs. Eddy); a time of psychic stimulants, the rising of a wave. The second stage was nostalgic, yearning back toward a disappearing individualism, and it invented a way to feel independent while adjusting to the organizational world (the dreary cheery somnambulism induced by Dale Carnegie and Norman Vincent Peale); the time of the tranquillizer, the wave's subsidence. Meyer, like some movie scientist exposing himself to a virus, has read deeply in these shallows — though he seems, unfortunately, to have missed the respite afforded by that comic masterpiece of mind cure, Walter Alvarez' *The Mind That Came Back.*

G. WILLS

MISSION WITH LEMAY: MY STORY, by Curtis E. LeMay with Mackinlay Kantor (Doubleday, $7.95). The general reader will find these 600 pages a bit much. Anyone with a love of the airman's life will settle down to some okay reading. LeMay has not told all, and Kantor has used every trick of the novelist's trade to flesh the story out; there are dozens of photographs; and dozens of names of men I know personally, or served (far, far) under, or learned to venerate at the breakfast table when I was a wee one. The magnificent contributions of General LeMay are made understandable here as something more than simple inspiration. Years of hard work, technical study, unremitting self-criticism; an elephantine memory, intellectual energy, moral vigor, canny appraisal of people, happy outright patriotism; a wife in the great tradition of Air Force wives; older men who befriended and advised him well; and always that essential spark of genius, the ability to ask the most obvious questions. The odds favoring a low-level bombing run; the arithmetic of the enemy's anti-aircraft battery; why is it that "one of my best pilots" is always the guy who lands wheels up? If you set your clock by History, Technical Manual, Chronology, or Personal Memoir, you probably won't like this book. On the other hand, if, like me, you love flying, respect the Air Force, and thank God for patriots, then you'll cherish the pages of LeMay and Kantor.

W. F. RICKENBACKER

DANCERS, BUILDINGS AND PEOPLE IN THE STREETS, by Edwin Denby (Horizon, $5.95). Good critics write about art; great critics write about life. That is why, like Gautier's, Hazlitt's, and Shaw's, Edwin Denby's criticism will be read long past his time. From him one learns

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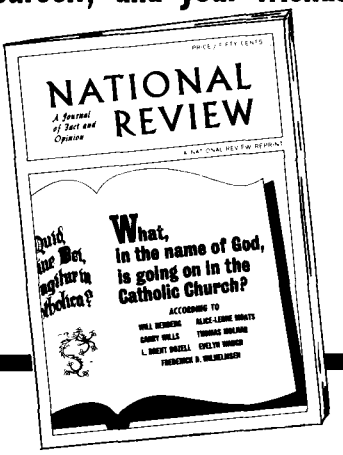

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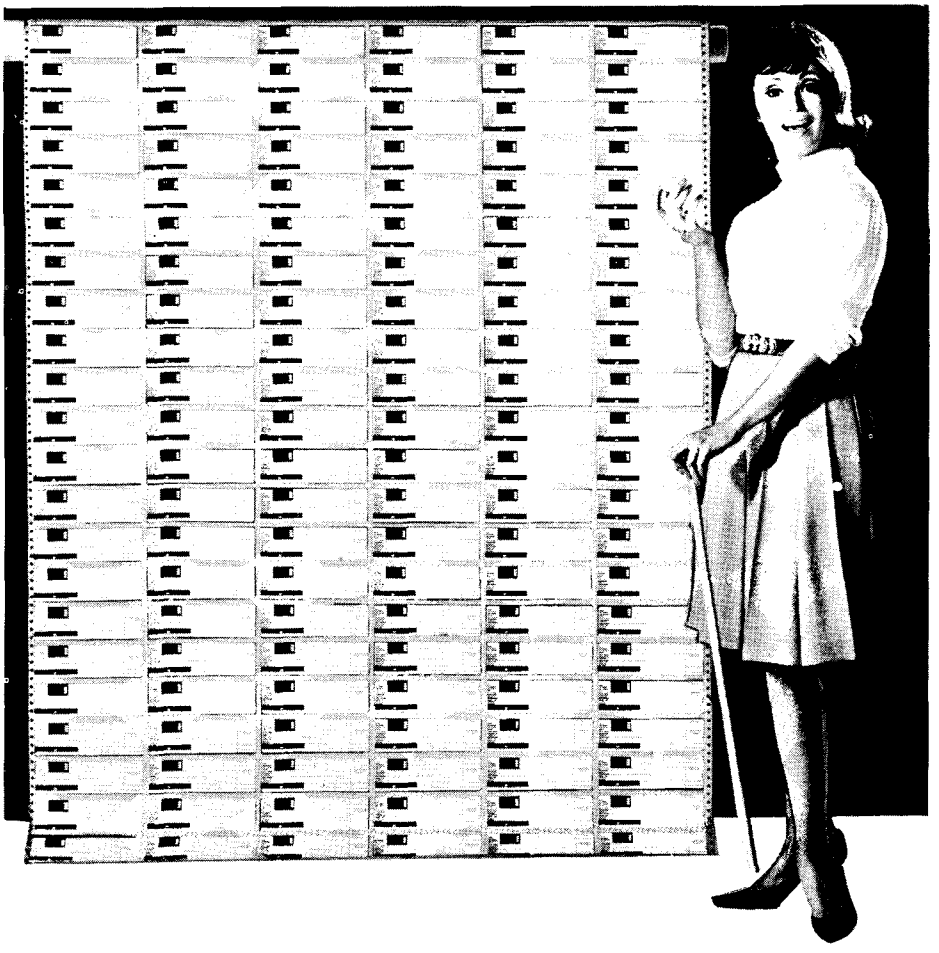

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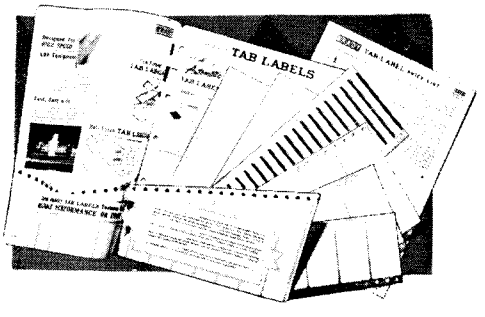

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to enjoy ballet as a form, peculiarly forceful and distinct, of human behavior. Since about 1936 Denby's reputation as a ballet critic has been secure, enhanced by a creative solitude which transcends debilitating controversy; he says the unsayable and no one else can do it. In this he is a bit like Balanchine, whom he so greatly admires. But Denby's Balanchine is not the Olympian genius of midcult fame; he is a newspaper reader who lives on the upper West Side and offers "dance entertainments meant to be watched by the natives in New York rather the way the natives of other places watch a social village dance in West Africa or watch a Balinese kebyar or legong." That is *it*, one says upon reading Denby, grateful to have contemporary art restored to the field of human activity; grateful, also, for the lively diction, the soft wit, the vivid yet unmalicious accuracy, the strict taste. Fifteen out of the 33 pieces in the present volume are devoted to the New York City Ballet, and there are no pictures. But for those who live elsewhere there are bad and beautiful foreign ballerinas, the Kabuki, Willem de Kooning, the best imaginable review of the Bolshoi, and plenty of people in the streets.

A. CROCE

THE PENGUIN ENCYCLOPEDIA (Penguin Books, $2.25). This paperback packs a tremendous amount of information into an ordinary book-size volume and is "designed to live on the desk, for quick and frequent reference," as the foreword announces. The emphasis is on "subjects of live interest," with up-to-date information on science and technology, but the arts and humanities are by no means slighted. The concise entries all deal with subject matter, not persons or places; for example, there is no entry on Einstein, but one on Relativity; entries on Psychoanalysis, Psychology, Psychotherapy, etc., but not on Freud, Adler, Jung; on the Tudors, not on Elizabeth, and so on. A dictionary of biography and a gazetteer are planned as complementary volumes. Splendidly useful.

E. MERRITT

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

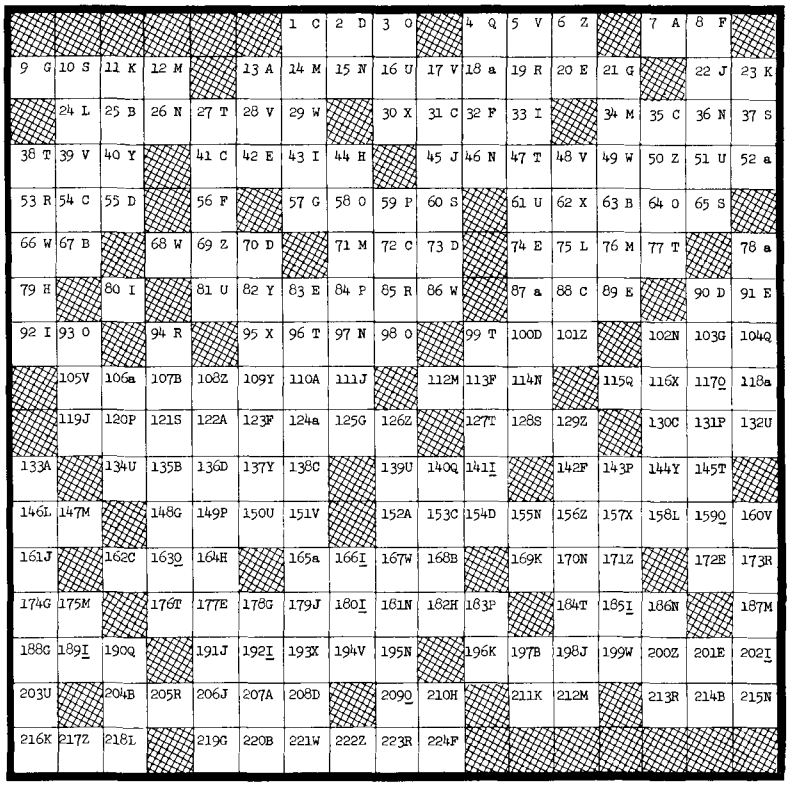
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Where you would find anagram of Samuel Butler's book	13 7 122 133 110 207 152
B. Frequent baseball play (3 wds.)	25 197 135 63 168 67 214 220 107 204
C. Good luck item (did Maranville use it to step on second?) (2 wds.)	35 72 41 130 88 138 153 1 31 54 162
D. Home of big league club	70 90 55 100 208 73 2 154 136
E. He pitched three shutouts in 1905 World Series	89 177 74 201 42 172 20 83 91
F. A quartet that is not far-out	113 123 8 56 142 32 224
G. Home of big league clubs	148 103 21 188 125 219 57 9 174 178
H. Ones who worry most about rights	182 164 79 44 210
I. Scene of several World Series (2 wds.)	185 180 192 166 92 43 141 80 202 189 33
J. How Communist criminals are caught	198 179 45 22 191 161 111 206 119
K. Showed agreement by using his head	211 11 169 196 23 216
L. One of Longfellow's daughters	218 24 146 158 75
M. Home of big league club	71 14 12 112 76 147 34 187 212 175
N. Scene of too many World Series (2 wds.)	102 170 186 97 26 46 15 195 181 215 155 36 114

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Important stream, U.S. (2 wds.)	117 163 159 93 3 209 58 98 64
P. To turn over and over in the mind	120 59 84 131 183 143 149
Q. Federal League batting champ both years it operated	190 4 104 115 140
R. Old Testament book	223 85 173 19 213 53 94 205
S. Worn away	10 60 121 37 128 65
T. He made baseball's rarest play in a World Series	127 96 184 176 27 38 99 145 47 77
U. Baseball position (title of book by Zane Grey)	134 61 139 203 16 81 132 150 51
V. Followed by Z, a big league manager for over half a century	48 160 105 28 39 5 17 194 151
W. Sound in opinion or doctrine	66 49 29 68 199 86 221 167
X. A city in Pakistan	95 157 30 193 116 62
Y. One who escorts persons to seats	109 40 82 144 137
Z. See Word V	156 108 126 50 6 217 69 200 222 129 101 171
a. A body of men connected with the temple services (O. T.)	165 106 52 87 78 18 124 118

See page 190 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black lines indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



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TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 190)

ıe silver market are in 10,000-ounce ɔts—the unit of trading in the futures ıarket. Buying silver with coins can be one only at the Assay Office in San rancisco or New York—an inefficient ransaction for all but citizens of those ɔwns. Buying silver in the commercial ıarket is inefficient unless the deal is ı the readily marketable commercial ar—which is 1,000 ounces: once again, wkward for all but the large investor. ı silver as in soap, the jumbo size omes cheapest. The coin hoarder "pays" he difference between $1.29 and $1.38 n ounce for the convenience of trading ı small lots. —ED.

The Conscience of a Democrat

'yrrho's appraisal of "LBJ: Political ıamester" [Jan. 25] has salved, at least emporarily, the sting of my silently raged inner struggle to remain a Democrat. His comforting reflection that the onest gamester eventually will dump ıe "evangelical jerks" has eased the inner turmoil. But when?

My subscription has been mailed today, for although I can't agree with all ou say, nevertheless what you say must e heard.

ıarchmont, N.Y. WILLIAM D. DARROW

'ietnam Strategy

heartily agree with your analysis of our ıresent Vietnam situation ["Vietnam ɔotpourri," Jan. 25], that an incremental scalation would be ineffectual, and a quantum jump" is required. I take ssue with your examples, however, for hey do no more than expedite the terıination of this struggle. I submit any ruly effective maneuver must have two urposes: (1) to provide a speedy and ecisive victory over the aggressors, with minimum loss of our men and matériel; nd (2) by example, act as a positive leterrent to any future aggression the Communists might be contemplating. It s important to recognize (1) does not utomatically accomplish (2).

I suggest a positive measure would be or the South Vietnam government to nnounce (with our blessings) that they o not recognize *two* Vietnams—the 17th ɔarallel is not a state boundary, and t never was. The goal of this struggle s complete victory and a *unified* Vietıam, Ho Chi Minh having no more polical status than a rebel or bandit. With his definitive purpose the military hould be given full responsibility, unettered, to accomplish (1).

Such a maneuver would signal a halt o our preposterous foreign policy which ıllows the Communists to risk nothing n aggression but admits their gains even f only partially successful.

San Diego, Calif. DARREL K. LACHEL

NR, in its January 25th editorial on Vietnam, provides more grist for the mill of those who accuse conservatives of oversimplification. In particular, the suggestion of the use of a nuclear bomb is made with little evidence that the result would be at all helpful to the United States in the accomplishment of its objectives.

Clean nuclear weapons, as *NR* has itself argued, differ from conventional weapons mainly in that they pack a larger punch in a smaller package. As such, their use against industrial targets (if the desired objective is the complete destruction of the target) or against a massed troop attack (as is a possibility in Europe) is justifiable. However, as Vietnam contains no industrial targets which could not be eliminated just as efficiently and with less loss of civilian life—with conventional weapons as with nuclear ones, and particularly since the enemy boasts no large troop concentrations, their use there does not appear justified. If anything, such use would tend to induce the Vietcong to break up whatever troop masses now exist and resume guerrilla fighting on a more widespread basis—hardly a desirable occurrence from the U.S. standpoint.

Chicago, Ill. ROBERT G. BRADLEY

NR did not specifically advocate the use of a nuclear bomb, but mentioned this as one example to clarify the meaning of a "quantum" as against an "incremental" escalation. We note, however, that there are in fact appropriate targets—in the Haiphong-Hanoi area (which is the locale of the command echelons as well as a considerable industrial-military concentration), and (as Peking would not fail to recall, even if the first bomb were merely test-dropped in a remote jungle) in China. —ED.

HAZELTON

(Continued from p. 220)

matter where you are it will be safe and clean. But pasteurized milk does not make great cheese, since all the bacteria are controlled like robots, and they are what give cheese its flavor. American-made cheese is uniformly good but never great. Only cheese that is cooked, so to speak, like Parmesan or Swiss, can be reproduced here, since the manufacture kills all bacteria. (As an aside, I've never heard of anybody in Europe getting undulatant fever from cheese, but I've heard of it in this country, and that's why I think the pasteurization of milk may be sad in one way although very, very good in others.)

Finally, there is a respect for fresh ingredients and spontaneousness of cooking not found here. Freshly ground spices are the secret of good Indian curries, but even the importing of the spices unavoidably detracts from their freshness. Frozen foods, however convenient, will never be as good as fresh ones, as best seen in the case of berries, fish and poultry. And however Americanized Europeans may be becoming, I doubt that they would think that a product called Dream Whip could take the place of fresh cream. Its ingredients, as listed on the box, are: "Sugar, hydrogenated vegetable oils, with BHA added as a preservative, sodium caseinate, propylene glycol monostearate, hydroxylated lecithin, and artificial flavor and color."

NATIONAL REVIEW Magazine and Bulletin

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For The Record

What do you know: Ronald B. Ramsey, a self-styled pacifist who makes radio tapes that are broadcast to U.S. troops in Vietnam over Radio Hanoi, surfaced in NYC last week—held a press conference. Press stories about Ramsey failed to mention that he first hit the headlines as a leading Berkeley Free Speech Movementer; that he worked for Ben Bella in Algiers late in '64, was taken for a CIA agent, spent five months in an Algerian prison where he was badly beaten and tortured (see NR March 9, 1965), despite which he commented, upon his release: "I have nothing but the greatest admiration for Ben Bella's government." At press conference Ramsey complained (let's hope it's true) he was being harassed by the FBI. . . . One of most effective pro-Vietnam groups, National Student Committee for the Defense of Vietnam, has already gathered nearly half a million student signatures supporting LBJ's policy; is planning new drive on campuses. . . . For detailed info on New Left, Senate Internal Security Subcommittee's "The Anti-Vietnam Agitation and the Teach-In Movement, the Problem of Communist Infiltration and Exploitation" available (U.S. Govt. Printing Office, Washington, D.C., 20402 – 70¢). . . . Illinois congressmen Sidney Yates, Roman Pucinski headed this year's perennial Liberal drive to block appropriations for House Committee on Un-American Activities—got only 24 votes.

Estimates at moment of dead in anti-Communist blood purge in Indonesia range up to 300,000. Among the victims, nearly 25,000 Chinese. . . . President Marcos of Philippines now says he expects his country to establish diplomatic relations with Malaysia in near future in obvious slap at Sukarno. . . . British Defense Minister Denis Healey returned from Far East with assurances both Singapore, Malaysia wanted strong British presence retained in area (as protection against Indonesia), which means no immediate problems for Britain over retention of Singapore base.

Purge of leftist Simon Casady at recent meeting of California Democratic Council could hurt re-election chances of Gov. Pat Brown. Casady, after his ouster as CDC president, said he would work for Brown, but "I don't know if I'll do a lot of work." . . . Sen. Dirksen pretty bullish about GOP prospects in Nov. He predicts a 50-seat gain in House in view of Democratic split over Vietnam. . . . Familiar name in Nebraska: Philip Sorensen, younger brother of Ted, will make bid for governorship. Present Nebraska Gov. Frank Morrison planning race against conservative Republican Senator Carl Curtis.

Daily Mail, London — Ben Roth Agency

"I think it's safe to come out now!"

Colombian security forces last week killed guerrilla leader Camilo Torres Restrepo, a defrocked priest who had taken to the hills six months before (see "Communist Priests in South America," NR, Oct. 5, 1965). . . . One major problem in Latin America, according to recent UN survey: their food production is way down, almost 6 per cent since 1958.

Austerity hits Central African Republic: one of first ukases of new military government was daytime ban on tom-tom drumming—regarded as waste of time.

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First, our scientists helped develop a new super stainless steel with smaller, more uniform particles. Called micro-grain, it takes an edge that's sharper, smoother, longer lasting.

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Then we developed an extremely smooth polymer coating. This is the most friction-free substance known to man, bonded to the metal with intense heat in a secret process.

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New from those new thinking folks at Schick.

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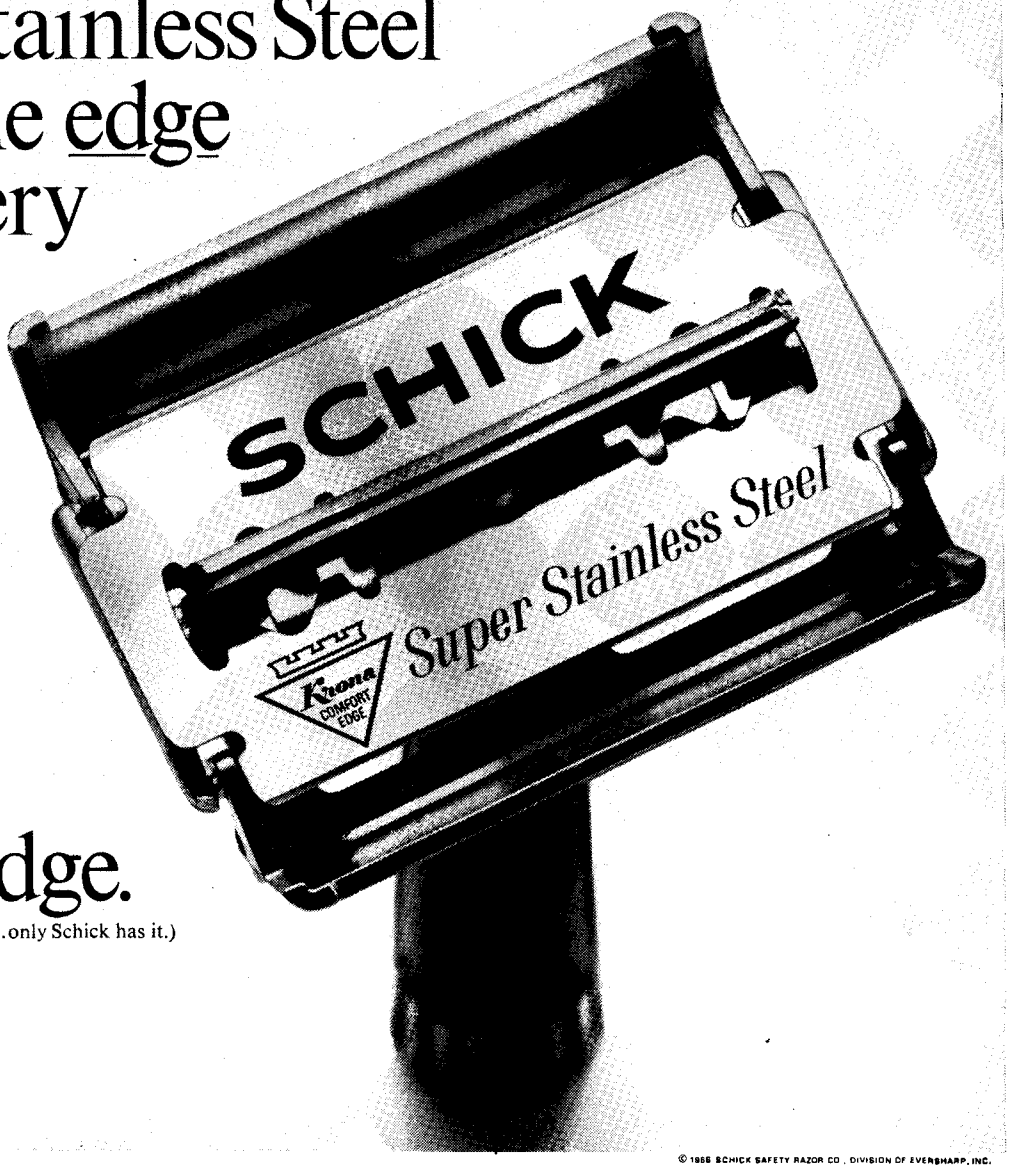
What gives Schick's new Super Stainless Steel blade the edge over every other blade?



The edge.

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Floor: Montina Vinyl Corlon

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